REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

VOLUME 47. BELFAST, MAINE, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1876. NUMBER 22

Farm, Garden and Household.

Snug Farmers.

I quote this caption from memory, but am quite sure I am correct. What is the meaning and significance of this expression?

The primary meaning of snug is tight, handsome, but in this connection, used in a good sense, and suited to decide the whole class of farmers, this meaning will hardly apply. The best farmers never get "tight," and they are not all "handsome." Another meaning of snug is "neat." This is peculiarly appropriate in its application to the good farmer. On his premises neatness and order prevail. The house proper is under the management of his wife, but the cellar must come under the management of the husband. There he stores his vegetables, and he knows it is of the utmost importance to the health of the family that the cellar bottom be cleared of all foreign matter—such as decaying potatoes, beets and cabbages—and that the walls be frequently whitewashed and cleaned. A neat and orderly cellar is one of the best indications of a snug farmer. If a good housewife can have such a cellar in which to deposit her milk pans, she will cheerfully guarantee a neat pantry, kitchen and dining room.

The snug farmer is also neat in his personal habits. Though clothed in homespun garb, suited to his occupation, he is so neat and orderly that it becomes a "royal robe" to him. He remembers that he is a gentleman, if he is a laboring farmer, and a fit companion for a tidy wife. And he is neat and orderly in all his arrangements about the house, barns and sheds. His dooryard is not strewn with sticks and stones and underbrush, but is neat and orderly. His unused tools are all under cover and in their places, so that he can find them at pleasure. His barn is "swept and garnished," and his animals are combed and curried with utmost care. His dooryard fence is not made of rails nor slab-wood, but most likely of pickets in some form, to indicate taste and culture.

The snug farmer has a snug little farm. Every field is cleaned of its stone and brushwood, and laid open to the cheering sunlight and the gentle rains. The fences are all in order, and every change in weather or season is anticipated, so as to enable him to co-operate with nature in securing the productiveness of the soil.

And the snug farmer is a public-spirited man. He is interested in all public improvements. Sidewalks and shade trees that reach beyond his own dooryard interest him. He sees that everything that tends to make the neighborhood or town more attractive will increase the value of real estate, and thus diminish the taxes. Such a farmer is willing to share the expenses of educating not only his own children, but the children of his neighbors, because intelligence and virtue in the community will raise the value of his farm. He understands that all improvements that effect the public good promote his own personal welfare, and the welfare of his children.

Now I ask my readers to look about over the community, and see if they do not find the best farmers and the most thrifty and independent farmers in that neighborhood where the most money has been expended in improvements; in churches, schools, public buildings, highways, parks and fountains? The beautiful village is always surrounded by an intelligent, cultivated, enterprising and public-spirited agricultural population, and their sharing and aiding in the public improvements has made the farmers and their snug farms what they are. [Cor. Western Journal.

Horses and their Drivers.

Very many years ago, I made up my mind that when there was a quarrel between a man and a horse, in nine cases out of ten the man was in the wrong. Continued observation has only served to confirm this belief.

The radical error into which drivers fall is, that they have a peculiarly selfish idea of what is wanted of him, and will not do it. Then the driver proceeds to show that he is master, and in the vast majority of cases, the horse is punished without the slightest idea why he is so treated.

For a horse to understand instantly what his driver desires, there must exist a pleasant feeling between them. The horse must feel a confidence in his driver, and with one driver a horse will show himself fearless of a locomotive, and with another he will dread them. One man will drive a horse fifteen miles with no more fatigue to the animal than another will produce in driving him ten.

Nothing tends more cruelly to animals than does cowardice. The man who has a lurking fear of his beast, is the one who treats him the most harshly. The man who is afraid of no horse, is just the man who treats all kindly. He is perfectly aware there is always danger with horses; but he also knows that this does not depend upon the horse, but mostly comes from some extraneous source, the bad driving of others whom he meets on the road, or accident of some sort. He has a friendly feeling toward his beast, as being a willing and useful servant and companion, ready to do his whole duty, and more than his duty. So taeir springs up a pleasant feeling on both sides, the horse is encouraged and cheerful, and goes through his work quickly and well. Such a driver gets vastly more from his horse than does the cruel one. They come in fresh, they feed and sleep well, and begin the next day's work under favorable conditions. Age tells but slowly on them; at fifteen and sixteen years, such horses still show speed and endurance, and are still gay and free goers, with years of usefulness before them, whereas the cruel man's horse is used up long before this.

There should be kindness simply from kind feeling, but it does not the less certainly bring its material reward. [Our Dumb Animals.

Home Life a Hundred Years Ago.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal or a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burned in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivances for economizing heat were employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fire-place which still bears his name. All the cooking and warming in town and country were done by the aid of fire kindled on the brick hearth or in the brick oven. Pine-knots or tallow candles furnished the light for the long winter evenings, and sanded floors supplied the place of rugs and carpets. The water used for household purposes was drawn from deep wells by the creaking "sweep." No form of pump was used in this country, so far as we learn, until after the commencement of the present century. There were no friction matches in those early days, by the aid of which fire could be easily kindled, and if the fire "went out" upon the hearth every night, and the timber was damp so that the sparks would not catch, the alternative remained of wading through the snow a mile or so, to borrow a brand of a neighbor.

Only one room in any house warm unless some of the family were ill; in all the rest the temperature was at zero during many nights in the winter. The men and women of a hundred years ago undressed and went to their beds in a temperature colder than that of our modern barns and wood-sheds, and they never complained. [Maine Farmer.

Extracting tannin from sweet fern and alder is a new industry which has sprung up in the county of Hancock. From a ton of sweet fern a barrel of extract tannin is made worth $22, and also a barrel of second quality, worth $7.50 per bbl. From the alder, one cord will make one barrel of extract, worth $20; while from hemlock bark one cord will make a barrel of first-class extract worth $20. The sweet fern is dried twenty-four hours before being hauled to market, and the price paid for it at the factory is $5 per ton, with 25c per mile for hauling.

A boy in Brockton was much exercised for fear he would not know his father when they both reached Heaven. His mother eased him by saying: "All you will have to do is to look for an angel with a red nose."

Whittier's Song of the Pumpkin.

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip, and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past like the rich pumpkin-pie?

An Artist's Dream.

When I reached Kenmure's house, one August evening, it was rather a disappointment to find that he and his charming Laura had absented themselves for twenty-four hours. I had not seen them since their marriage; my admiration for his varied genius and her unvarying grace was at its height, and I was really annoyed at the delay. My fair cousin, with her usual exact housekeeping, had prepared everything for his guest, and then bequeathed me as she wrote, to Janet and baby Marian. It was a pleasant arrangement, for between baby Marian and me there existed a species of passion, I might almost say of betrothal, ever since that little three-year old sunbeam had blessed my mother's house by lingering awhile in it, six months before. Still I went to bed disappointed, though the delightful windows of the chamber looked out upon the glimmering bay, and the swinging lanterns at the yard-arms of the frigates shone like some softer constellation beneath the brilliant sky. The house was so close upon the water that the cool waves seemed to plash deliciously against its very basement; and it was a comfort to think that, if there were no adequate human greetings that night, there would be plenty in the morning, since Marian would inevitably be pulling my eyelids apart before sunrise.

It seemed scarcely dawn when I was roused by a little arm round my neck, and waked to think I had one of Raphael's cherubs at my side. Fingers of waxen softness were ruthlessly at work upon my eyes, and the little form that met my touch felt lithe and elastic, like a kitten's limbs. There was just light enough to see the child, perched on the edge of the bed, her soft blue dressing-gown trailing over the white night-dress, while her black and long-fringed eyes shone through the dimness of morning. She yielded gladly to my grasp, and I could fondle against the silken hair, the velvety brunette cheek, the plump, childish shoulders. Yet sleep still half held me, and cherub appearing to hold it a cherubic practice to begin the day with a demand for lively anecdote, I was fain drowsily to suggest that she might first tell some stories to her doll. With the canny readiness that was a part of her nature, she straightway turned to that young lady,—plain Susan Halliday, with both cheeks patched, and eyes of different colors,—and soon discoursed both her and me into repose.

When I waked again, it was to find the child conversing with the morning star, which still shone through the window, scarcely so lucent as her eyes, and bidding it go home to its mother, the sun. Another lapse into dreams, and then a more vivid awakening, and she had my ear at last, and won story after story, requiting them with legends of her own youth, "almost a year ago,"—how she was perilously lost, for instance, in the small front yard, with a little playmate, early in the afternoon, and how they came and peeped into the window, and thought all the world had forgotten them. Then the sweet voice, distinct in its articulation as Laura's, went straying off into wilder fancies, a chaos of misnomography and conjecture, like the letters of a Chinaman. I should have thought her little life had yielded more pangs and tears than might have sufficed for the discovery of the North Pole, but breakfast time drew near at last, and Janet's honest voice was heard outside the door. I rather envied the good Scotchwoman the pleasant task of polishing the smooth cheeks, and combing the dishevelled silk; but when, a little later, the small maiden was riding down stairs in my arms I envied no one.

At sight of the bread and milk, my cherub was transformed into a hungry child, chiefly anxious to reach the bottom of her porringer. I was with her a great deal that day. She gave no manner of trouble; it was like taking the charge of a floating butterfly, endowed with warm arms to clasp, and a silvery voice to prattle. I sent Janet out to sail, with the other servants, by way of a holiday, and Marian's perfect temperament was shown in the way she watched the departing.

"There they go," she said, as she stood and danced at the window. "Now they are out of sight."

"What!" I said, "are you pleased to have your friends go?"

"Yes," she answered; "but I shall be pleased-er to see them come back." Life to her was no alternation of joy and grief, but only of joy and more joyous.

Twilight brought to us an improvised concert. Climbing the piano-stool, she went over the notes with her little taper fingers, touching the keys in a light, knowing way, that proved her a musician's child. Then I must play, and let the dance begin. This was a wonderful performance on her part, and consisted at first in hopping up and down on one spot with no motion, but in her hands. She resembled a minute and irrepressible Shaker, or a live and beautiful marionette. Then she placed Janet in the middle of the floor, and performed the dance around her, after the manner of Vivien and Merlin. Then came her supper, which, like its predecessors, was a solid and absorbing meal; then one more fairy story, to magnetize her off, and she danced and sang herself up stairs. And if she first came to me in the morning with a halo round her head, she seemed still to retain it when I at last watched her kneeling in the little bed—with her hands clasped together, and her long lashes sweeping her cheeks—to repeat two verses of a hymn which Janet had taught her. My nerves quivered a little when I saw that Susan Halliday had also been duly prepared for the night, and had been put in the same attitude, so far as her jointless anatomy would permit. This being ended, the doll and her mistress reposed together, and only an occasional toss of the vigorous limbs, or a stifled baby murmur, would henceforth prove, through the darkened hours, that the one figure had in it more of life than the other.

On the next morning Kenmure and Laura came back to us, and I walked down to receive them at the boat. I had forgotten how striking was their appearance as they stood together. His broad, strong, Saxon look, his noble bearing and clear blue eyes, enhanced the fascination of her darker beauty.

America is full of the short-lived bloom and freshness of girlhood; but grace is a rarer gift, and indeed it is only a few times in life that one sees anywhere a beauty that really controls us with a permanent charm. One should remember such personal loveliness, as one recalls some particular moonlight or sunset, with a special and concentrated joy, which the multiplicity of fainter impressions cannot disturb. When in those days we used to read, in Petrarch's one hundred and twenty-third sonnet, that he had once beheld on earth angelic manners and celestial charms, whose very remembrance was a delight and an affliction, since all else that he beheld seemed dream and shadow, we could easily fancy that nature had certain permanent attributes which accompanied the name of Laura.

Our Laura had that rich brunette beauty before which the mere snow and roses of the blonde must always seem wan and unimpassioned. Int he superb suffusion of her cheeks there seemed to flow a tide of passions and powers, which might have been tumultous in a meaner woman, but over which in her, the clear and brilliant eyes, and the sweet, proud mouth, presided in unbroken calm. These superb tints implied resources only, not a struggle. With this torrent from the tropics in her veins, she was the most equable person I ever saw; and had a supreme and delicate good-sense, which, if not supplying the place of genius, at least comprehended its work. Not intellectually gifted herself, perhaps, she seemed the cause of gifts in others, and furnished the atmosphere in which all showed their best. With the steady and thoughtful enthusiasm of her Puritan ancestors, she combined that grace which is so rare among their descendants—a grace which fascinated the humblest, while it would have been just the same in the society of kings. And her person had the epuipoise and symmetry of her mind. While abounding in separate points of beauty, each a source of distinct and peculiar pleasure,—as the outline of her temple, the white line that parted her night-black hair, the bend of wrists, the moulding of her finger-tips,—yet these details were lost in the overwhelming gracefulness of her presence, and the atmosphere of charm which she diffused over all human life.

A few days passed rapidly by us. We walked and rode and boated and read. Little Marian came and went, a living sunbeam, a self sufficing thing. It was soon obvious that she was far less demonstrative towards her parents than towards me; while her mother, gracious to her as to all, yet rarely caressed her, and Kenmure, though habitually kind, seemed rather to ignore her existence, and could scarcely tolerate that she should for one instant preoccupy his wife. For Laura he lived, and she must live for him. He had a studio, which I rarely entered and Marian never, while Laura was constantly there; and after the first cordiality was past, I observed that their daily expeditions were always arranged for two. The weather was beautiful, and they led the wildest outdoor life, cruising all day or all night among the islands, regardless of hours, and as it sometimes seemed to me, of health. No matter; Kenmure liked it, and what he liked she loved. When at home, they were chiefly in the studio, he painting, modelling, poetizing perhaps, and she inseparately united with him in all. It was very beautiful, this unworldly and passionate love, and I could have borne to be omitted in their daily plans, since little Marian was left to me, save that it seemed so strange to omit her also. Besides, there grew to be something a little oppressive in this peculiar atmosphere; it was like living in a greenhouse.

Yet they always spoke in the simplest way of this absorbing passion, as of something about which no reticence was needed; it was too sacred *not* to be mentioned; it would be wrong not to utter freely to all the world what was doubtless the best thing the world possessed. Thus Kenmure made Laura his model in all his art; not to coin her into wealth or fame,—he would have scorned it; he would have valued fame and wealth only as instruments for proclaiming her. Looking simply at these two lovers, then, it seemed as if no human union could be more noble or stainless. Yet so far as others were concerned, it sometimes seemed to me a kind of duplex selfishness, so profound and so undisguised as to make one shudder. "Is it," I asked myself at such moments, "a great consecration, or a crime?" But something must be allowed, perhaps, for my own private dissatisfaction in Marian's behalf.

I had easily persuaded Janet to let me have a peep every night at my darling, as she slept; and once I was surprised to find Laura sitting by the small white bed. Graceful and beautiful as she always was, lovely, for she never had seemed quite like a mother. But I could not demand a sweeter look of tenderness than that which she new gazed upon her child.

Little Marian lay with one brown, plump hand visible from its full white sleeve, while the other nestled half hid beneath the sheet, grasping a pair of blue morocco shoes, the last acquisition of her favorite doll. Drooping from beneath the pillow hung a handful of scarlet poppies, which the child had wished to place under her head, in the very superfluous project of putting herself to sleep thereby. Her soft brown hair was scattered on the sheet, her black lashes lay motionless upon the olive cheeks. Laura wished to move her, that I might see her the better.

"You will wake her," exclaimed I, in alarm.

"Wake this little dormouse?" Laura lightly answered. "Impossible."

And twining her arms about her, the young mother lifted the child from the bed, three or four times, dropping her again heavily each time, while the healthy little creature remained utterly undisturbed, breathing the same quiet breath. I watched Laura with amazement; she seemed transformed.

She gayly returned my eager look, and then, seeming suddenly to penetrate its meaning, cast down her radiant eyes, while the color mounted into her cheeks. "You thought," she said almost sternly, "that I did not love my child."

"No," I said, half untruthfully.

"I can hardly wonder," she continued, more sadly, "for it is only what I have said to myself a thousand times. Sometimes I think that I have lived a dream, and one that few share with me. I have questioned others, and never yet found a woman who did not admit that her child was more to her, in her secret soul, than her husband. What can they mean? Such a thought is foreign to my nature."

"Why separate the two?" I asked.

"I must separate them," she answered, with the air of one driven to bay by her own self-reproaching. "I had, like other young girls, my dream of love and marriage. Unlike all the rest, I believe, my visions were fulfilled. The reality was more than the imagination; and I thought it would be so with my love for my child. The first cry of that baby told the difference to my ear. I knew it all from that moment; the bliss which had been mine as a wife would never be mine as a mother. If I had not known what it was to love my husband, I might have been content with my love for Marian. But look at that exquisite creature as she lies there asleep, and then think that I, her mother, should desert her if she was dying, for aught I know, at one word from him!"

"Your feeling is morbid," I said, hardly knowing what to answer.

"What good does it serve to know that?" she said defiantly. "I say it to myself every day. Once when she was ill, and was given back to me in all the precious helplessness of babyhood, there was such a strange sweetness in it, I thought the charm might remain; but it vanished when she could run about once more. And she is such a healthy, self-reliant little thing," added Laura glancing toward the bed with a momentary look of motherly pride that seemed strangely out of place amid these self-denunciations.

"I wish her to be so," she added. "The best service I can do for her is to teach her to stand alone. And at some day," continued the beautiful woman, her whole face lighting up with happiness, "she may love as I have loved."

"And your husband," I said, after a pause,—"does your feeling represent his?"

"My husband," she said, "lives for his genius, as he should. You that know him, why do you ask?"

"And his heart," I said, half frightened at my own temerity.

"Heart?" she answered. He loves *me*." Her color mounted higher yet; she had a look of pride, almost of haughtiness. All else seemed forgotten; she had turned away from the child's little bed, as if it had no existence. It flashed upon me that something of the poison of her artificial atmosphere was reaching her already.

Kenmure's step was heard in the hall, and, with fire in her eyes, she hastened to meet him. I seemed actually to breathe freer after the departure of that enchanting woman, in danger of perishing inwardly, I said to myself, in an air too lavishly perfumed. Bending over Marian, I wondered if it were indeed possible that a perfectly healthy life had sprung from that union too intense and too absorbed. Yet I had often noticed that the child seemed to wear the temperaments on both her parents as a kind of playful disguise, and to peep at you, now out of the one, now from the other, showing that she had her own individual life behind.

As it by some infantine instinct, the darling turned in her sleep, and came unconsciously nearer me. With a half feeling of self-reproach, I drew around my neck, inch by inch, the little arms that tightened with a delicious thrill; and so I half reclined there till I myself dozed, and the watchful Janet, looking in, warned me away. Crossing the entry to my own chamber, I heard Kenmure and Laura down stairs, but I knew that I should be superfluous, and felt that I was sleepy.

I had now, indeed, become always superfluous when they were together, though never when they were apart. Even they must be separated sometime, and then each sought me, in order to discourse about the other. Kenmure showed me every sketch he had ever made of Laura. There she was, in all the wonderful range of her beauty,—in clay, in cameo, in pencil, in water-color, in oils. He showed me also his poems, and, at last, a longer one, for which pencil and graver had alike been laid aside. All these he kept in a great cabinet she had brought with her to their housekeeping; and it seemed to me that he also treasured ever flower she had dropped, every slender glove she had worn, every ribbon from her hair. I could not wonder. Who would not thrill at the touch of some such memorial of Mary of Scotland, or of Heloise? and what was all the regal beauty of the past to him? Every room always seemed adorned when she was in it, empty when she had gone,—save that the trace of her still seemed left on everything, and all appeared but as a garment she had worn. It seemed that even her great mirror must retain, film over film, each reflection of her least movement, the turning of her head, the ungloving of her hand. Strange! that with all this intoxicating presence, she yet led a life so free from self, so simple, so absorbed, that all trace of consciousness was excluded, and she seemed unsophisticated as her own child.

As we were once thus employed in the studio, I asked Kenmure, abruptly, if he never shrank from the publicity he was thus giving Laura. "Madame Recamier was not quite pleased," I said, "that Canova had modelled her bust, even from imagination. Do you never shrink from permitting irreverent eyes to look on Laura's beauty? Think of men as you know them. Would you give each of them her miniature, perhaps to go with them into scenes of riot and shame?"

"Would to Heaven I could!" said he, passionately. "What else could save them, if that did not? God lets his sun shine on the evil and on the good, but the evil needs it most."

There was a pause; and then I ventured to ask him a question that had been many times upon my lips unspoken.

"Does it never occur to you," I said, "that Laura cannot live on earth forever?"

"You cannot disturb me about that," he answered, not sadly, but with a set, stern look, as if fencing for the hundredth time against an antagonist who was foredoomed to be his master in the end. "Laura will outlive me. I am so sure of it that I may not be paralyzed, and die outside her arms. Yet, in any event, what can I do but what I am doing,—devote my whole soul to the perpetuation of her beauty, through art? It is my only dream. What else is worth doing? It is for this I have tried, through sculpture, through painting, through verse, to depict her as she is. Thus far I have failed. Why have I failed? Is it because I have not lived in life sufficiently absorbed in her? or is it that there is no permitted way by which, after God had reclaimed her, the tradition of her perfect loveliness may be retained on earth?"

The blinds of the piazza doorway opened, the sweet sea-air came in, the low and level rays of yellow sunset entered softly as it the breeze were their chariot; and softer and stiller and sweeter than light or air, little Marian stood on the threshold. She had been in the field with Janet, who had woven for her breeze-blown hair a wreath of the wild geradia blossoms, whose purple beauty had reminded the good Scotchwoman of her own native heather. In her arms the child bore, like a little gleaner, a great sheaf of graceful golden-rod, as large as her grasp could bear. In all the artist's visions he had seen nothing so aerial, so lovely; in all his passionate portraitures of his idol, he had delineated nothing so like to her. Marian's cheeks mantled with rich and wine-lined tints, her hair took a halo from the sunbeams, her lips parted over the little milk-white teeth; she looked at us with her mother's eyes. I turned to Kenmure to see if he could resist the influence.

He scarcely gave her a glance. "Go, Marian," he said,—not impatiently, for he was too thoroughly courteous ever to be ungracious, even to a child—but with a steady indifference that cut me with more pain than if he had struck her.

The sun dropped behind the horizon, the halo faded from the shining hair, and every ray of light from the childish face. There came in its place that deep, wondering sadness which is more pathetic than any maturer sorrow,—just as a child's illness touches our hearts more than that of man or woman, it seems so premature and so plaintive. She turned away; it was the very first time I had ever seen the little face drawn down, or the tears gathering in the eyes. By some kind providence, the mother met Marian on the piazza, herself flushed and beautiful with walking, and caught the little thing in her arms with unwonted tenderness. It was enough for the elastic child. After one moment of such bliss she could go to Janet, go anywhere; and when the same graceful presence came in to us in the studio, we also could ask no more.

We had music and moonlight, and were happy. The atmosphere seemed more human, less unreal. Going up stairs at last, I looked in at the nursery, and found my pet seeming rather flushed, and I fancied that she stirred uneasily. It passed, whatever it was; for next morning she came in to wake me, looking, as usual, as if a new heaven and earth had been coined purposely for her since she went to sleep. We had our usual long and important discourse,—this time tending to protracted narrative, of the Mother-Goose description,—until, if it had been possible for any human being to be late for breakfast in that house, we should have been the offenders. But she ultimately went down stairs on my shoulder, and, as Kenmure and Laura were out rowing, the baby put me in her own place, sat in her mother's chair, and ruled me with a rod of iron. How wonderful was the instinct by which this little creature, who so seldom heard one word of parental severity or parental fondness, yet knew so thoroughly the language of both! Had I been the most depraved of children, or the most angelic, I could not have been more sternly excluded from the sugar-bowl, or more overwhelmed with compensating kisses.

Later on that day, while little Marian was taking the very profoundest nap that ever a baby was blessed with, (she had a pretty way of dropping asleep in unexpected corners of the house, like a kitten,) I somehow strayed into a confidential talk with Janet about her mistress. I was rather troubled to see that all her loyalty was for Laura, with nothing left for Kenmure, whom indeed she seemed to regard as a sort of objectionable altar, on which her darlings were being sacrificed. When she came to particulars certain stray fears of my own were confirmed. It seemed that Laura's constitution was not fit, Janet averred, to bear these irregular hours, early and late; and she plaintively dwelt on the untasted oatmeal in the morning, the insufficient luncheon, the precarious dinner, the excessive walking, the evening damps. There was coming to be a look about her such as her mother had, who died at thirty. As for Marian—but here the complaint suddenly stopped; it would have required far stronger provocation to extract from the faithful soul one word that might seem to reflect on Laura.

Another year, and her forebodings had come true. It is needless to dwell on the interval. Since then I have sometimes felt a regret almost insatiable, in the thought that I should have been absent while all that gracious beauty seemed fading and dissolving like a cloud; and yet at other times it has appeared a relief to think that Laura would ever remain to me in the fullness of her beauty, not a tint faded, not a lineament changed. With all my efforts, I arrived only in time to accompany Kenmure home at night, after the funeral service. We paused at the door of the empty home,—now empty! I hesitated, but Kenmure motioned to me to follow him in.

We passed through the hall and went up stairs. Janet met us at the head of the stairway, and asked me if I would go in and look at Marian, who was sleeping. I begged Kenmure to go also but he refused, almost savagely, and went on with a heavy heart into Laura's deserted room.

Almost at the moment I entered the child's chamber, she waked up suddenly, looked at me, and said, "I know you, you are my friend." Sae never would call me her cousin, I was always her friend. Then she sat up in bed with her eyes wide open, and said, as if stating a problem which had been put by for solution, "I should like to see my mother."

How our hearts are rent by the unquestioning faith of children, when they come to test the love which had so often worked what seemed to them miracles, and ask of it miracles indeed! I tried to explain to her the continued existence of her beautiful mother, and she listened to it as if her eyes drank in all that I could say, and more. But the apparent distance between earth and heaven baffled her baby mind, as it so sadly baffles the thoughts of us elders. I wondered what precise change seemed to her to have taken place. This all-fascinating Laura, whom she adored, and who had yet never been what other people are to their darlings,—did heaven seem to put her farther off, or bring her more near? I could never know. The healthy child had no morbid questionings; and as she had come into the world to be a sunbeam, she must not fail of that mission. She was kicking about the bed, by this time, in her nightgown, and holding her pink little toes in all sorts of difficult attitudes, when she suddenly said, looking me full in the face: "If my mother was so high up that she had her feet upon a star, do you think that I could see her?"

This astronomical apotheosis startled me for a moment, but I said unhesitatingly, "Yes," feeling sure that the lustrous eyes that looked in mine could certainly see as far as Dante's, when Beatrice was transferred from his side to the highest realm of Paradise. I put my head beside hers upon the pillow, and staid till I thought she was asleep.

I then followed Kenmure into Laura's chamber. It was dusk, but the after-sunset glow was still lingering in the room. I found Kenmure with his head bowed and his hands clenched over his eyes.

There was a deep bow-window where Laura used to sit and watch us, sometimes, when we put off in the boat. Her eolian harp was in the casement, breaking its heart with music. A delicate handkerchief was lodged between the cushions of the window-seat,—the very handkerchief she used to wave, in summer days long gone. The white boats went sailing beneath the evening light, children shouted and splashed in the water, a song came from a yacht, a steam-whistle shrilled from the receding steamer; but she for whom alone those little signs of life had been dear and precious would henceforth be as invisible to our eyes as if time and space had never held her; and the young moon and the evening stars seemed but empty things, unless they could pilot us to some world where the splendor of her loveliness could match their own.

Twilight faded, evening darkened, and still Kenmure lay motionless, until his strong form grew in my moody fancy to be like some carving of Michael Angelo, more than like a living man. And when he at last startled me by speaking it was with a voice so far off and so strange, it might almost have come wandering down from the century when Michael Angelo lived.

"You are right,' he said. "I have been living in a dream. It has all vanished. I have kept no memorial of her presence, nothing to perpetuate the most beautiful of lives."

Before I could answer, the door came softly open, and there stood in the doorway a small white figure holding aloft a lighted taper of pure alabaster. It was Marian in her night-dress, with the loose, blue wrapper trailing behind her, let go in the effort to hold carefully the doll, Susan Halliday, robed also for the night.

"May I come in?" said the child.

Kenmure was motionless at first, then, looking over his shoulder, said merely, "What?"

"Janet said," continued Marian, in her clear and methodical way, "that my mother was up in heaven, and would help God hear my prayers at any rate; but if I pleased, I could come and say them by you."

A shudder passed over Kenmure; then he turned away and put his hands over his eyes. She waited for no answer, but, putting down the candlestick, in her wonted careful manner, upon a chair, she began to climb upon the bed, lifting laboriously one little rosy foot, then another, still dragging after her, with great effort, the doll. Nestling at her father's breast, I saw her kneel.

"Once my mother put her arm round me, when I said my prayers." She made this remark, under her breath, less as a suggestion, it seemed, than as the simple statement of a fact.

Instantly I saw Kenmure's arm move, and grasp her with that strong and gentle touch of his that I had so often noted in the studio—a touch that seemed quiet as the approach of fate, and as resistless. I knew him well enough to understand that iron adoption.

He drew her toward him, her soft hair was on his breast, she looked fearlessly in his eyes, and I could hear the little prayer proceeding, yet in so low a whisper that I could not catch one word. She was infinitely solemn at such times, the darling; and there was always something in her low, clear tone, through all her prayers and philosophizing, which was strangely like her mother's voice. Sometime she seemed to stop and ask a question, and at every answer I could see her father's arm tighten, and the iron girdle grow more close.

The moments passed, the voices grew lower yet, the doll slid to the ground. Marian had drifted away upon a vaster ocean than that whose music lulled her from without—upon that sea whose waves are dreams. The night was wearing on, the lights gleamed from the anchored vessels, the bay rippled serenely against the sea-wall, the breeze blew gently in. Marian's baby breathing grew deeper and more tranquil; and as all the sorrows of the weary earth might be imagined to exhale themselves in spring through the breath of violets, so it seemed as if it might be with Kenmure's burdened heart. By degrees the strong man's deep respirations mingled with those of the child, and their two separate beings seemed merged and solved into identity, as they slumbered breast to breast, beneath the golden and quiet stars. I passed by without awaking them; I knew that the artist had attained his dream. [Atlantic Monthly.

Gossip Concerning the Ex-Empress of the French.

We have already told of the suits brought by Mme. de Montijo, the mother of the Ex-Empress Eugenie, against three Paris newspapers for publishing certain records and drawing therefrom the scandalous conclusion that her birth was illegitimate. Lucy Hooper writes as follows from Paris apropos of the trial, which is to begin on the 9th of November: An interesting conversation recently took place in my presence respecting the empress, the speaker being a lady long resident in Paris and well conversant with the society of Madrid. She said that as a very young girl Mlle. de Montijo was not considered at the court of Madrid to possess any remarkable beauty, though her profuse tresses of the palest chestnut, just tinged with ruddy gold, and the fine contour of her throat and shoulders were greatly admired. But the full and flowing draperies which were worn in those days were unfavorable to the display of the lady's exquisite figure. It so chanced one day that Queen Christina gave a garden party at her villa near Madrid. Mlle. de Montijo and her friends were amusing themselves on the borders of a small lake, when the future empress of France lost her footing in some way and fell into the water. She was taken out insensible, though totally unhurt, and her drenched muslin dress, clinging in close folds around her form, revealed outlines of statuesque perfection. She sank a fashionable damsel; she emerged from the waves a Venus. From that day the reputation of Mlle. Eugenie as a beauty was firmly and incontestably established at Madrid. To her great credit, be it said, that, after she became the Empress of the French, though she presided over the most fastidious court in modern Europe, the breath of slander never dared assail her. Her married life was far from being happy. Like a true Spaniard, she was passionately jealous of her husband, who certainly gave her ample cause.

A story once went the rounds respecting an allocation between the empress and a certain noble count who filled the honorable functions of the imperial court, which that famous lady did at that of Louis XV. The empress one day desired to enter the apartments of the emperor in great haste, being desirous of imparting to him some important piece of intelligence. She was stopped at the threshold by the functionary aforesaid, who impressively declared that she could not enter, as the emperor was at that moment in conference with one of his ministers on a weighty affair of state. Prayers and threats having alike proved in vain, the irate lady withdrew and went and posted herself at a window which commanded a full view of the private entrance to the apartments of the emperor. She soon saw issue therefrom an individual who could scarcely have been the minister, unless, indeed, ministers are in the habit of wearing stylish silk dresses and tiny little bonnets, and thrust once veil-covered, tiny little bonnets. Back flew the fair Spaniard to her husband's door, where she first relieved her wounded feelings by soundly boxing the ear of the noble count aforesaid, and then she made her entrance unquestioned and in triumph. And we trow that Louis Napoleon passed an "evil quarter of an hour," as the French idiom hath it, when once she got hold of him. It was after one of these scenes that she started off so suddenly on a trip to Scotland, attended only by a single lady in waiting, and though the matter was hushed up and the story promulgated that she had gone to consult a celebrated physician of Edinburgh, that a conjugal quarrel was at the bottom of the trip was a well understood fact at the imperial court.

She used to quarrel dreadfully with M. Fould and her dislike to him reached a culminating point after the death of her sister, the Duchess of Alba. The empress gave orders that the duchess should be interred with all the pomp and ceremony due to a member of the imperial family, to which respect M. Fould, who was then, I believe, minister of finance, returned a positive refusal. "The duchess," he said, "is a Spanish subject, and is in no wise entitled to the honors due to a French princess. If the empress chooses to send the imperial carriages to the funeral she can do so, but I refuse to appropriate any sum from the finances of France to pay for the interment of a subject of the was his bitter enemy from that hour. She heartily detested the United States on account of the supposed designs of our government on the island of Cuba, and she used to greatly enjoy ridiculing the awkward or ill-dressed among our country-women at the court balls, her strictures being always uttered in softest Spanish behind the shelter of her fan. She is fifty years old now, and is said to be sadly disciplined by the waning prospects of Bonapartism in France.

Brigham's Successor.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

Brigham Young has finally defined his policy for the future of the Mormon Church in selecting for his first counselor the youngest son of his first family, John W. Young. This now-to-be-prominent young man is well known in this city, especially among capitalists. In personal appearance he is very attractive to the fair sex, and in his manner and habits he would pass anywhere for a "man of the world" who was pretty well satisfied with this terrestrial globe and in no hurry whatever to get off to the upper regions. Up to the building of the Pacific Railroad "Young Johnny," as he was familiarly called, was an excellent Mormon, and gave early evidence of being a first class patriarch. He had hardly got through his teens when his eyes fell kindly upon a young Saintess, and the baked meats of the marriage feast had hardly cooled before he fell desperately in love with another younger Saintess and married her also. The Prophet thought Johnny should see a little more of the world before proceeding farther in that line, and he was, consequently, sent to England on a tour of pleasure, in company with his brother, "Briggy Junior." These two scions of Mormon royalty travelled all over Europe, spending lavishly the funds of the poor confiding Saints. On Johnny's return to the United States his first wife pressed upon him to call upon her relatives in Philadelphia, and, to gratify her wishes, the young man hastened to the City of Brotherly Love, and before he was twenty-four hours acquainted with his first wife's family he fell desperately in love with the cousin, who had only been recently married, but who was not happily mated. She accepted the invitation to visit Utah, the Plains were soon traveled over, the cousin became converted, and in a few weeks afterwards she was "Mrs. Johnny No. 3." Time passes rapidly, and No. 3 gains the ascendancy over the young man's heart. The first wife gains a divorce, and the second is put aside with "an allowance." No. 3 is the lady who came frequently to San Francisco and was received in "our best society" as Mrs. Young. With her the youngest son of the Prophet drank deeply of the ways of the world, and was furiously captivated by its fashions. For several years he has lived so little in Utah—preferring San Francisco and New York to the City of Saints—that he has been regarded as an apostate from the faith, and thus, unexpectedly to every body, he returned to Utah, and the Prophet, in utter disregard to the sentiments of the Mormon people, places him next to his throne, and makes him by that act the next Prophet of the Mormon Church. But it is probably expecting too much to look for any commotion among the Mormons over this sudden conversion of a splendid seapegrace into a full-fledged Prophet, seer and revelator.

People at the frontier write home that the Sioux practice a mode of healing almost exactly like the Turkish bath, and that in 1680 Father Hennepin was cured of a fever by the Minnesota Indians by sweating in an air-tight oven, covered with buffalo-skins and heated with red-hot stones. It has been said by some of the early settlers in this state, that this treatment by sweating was always resorted to by the Indians here, in any desperate case. The patient was placed in a small wigwam which was made as hot as possible, and after he had been nearly roasted, the coverings were suddenly removed and he was exposed to the open air. Tradition says—and it is to be feared that in this case tradition tells truth—that when long ago, the white man cast covetous eyes on the beautiful intervales of the Sandy river, in Franklin county, he bethought himself of a cheaper method of obtaining them than buying. It is doubtful if the Indians would have voluntarily parted with the region at any price, since there, within a beautiful sweep of the lovely river, had been the burial ground of the section for generations. So it occurred to the ingenious white man to introduce small-pox among the ignorant natives. This, it is said, was accordingly done, and the terrified Indians, puzzled by this new and dreadful ailment, tried on it their most potent sweating treatment with the cold-air bath afterward. Of course every patient died—the fatality was terrible, and the covered slopes were so nearly cleared of Indians that the white man had little trouble in taking possession. Up to within a few years, whenever a new cellar was dug in the neighborhood, the crumbling bones of the ancient land-owners, with fragments of birch bark still clinging about them, used to be thrown up by the shovel, exciting the brief comment of the workman, and the wide-eyed and wonder-stricken horror of the children, many of whom remember to this day the fascinated awe which held their eyes to those brown relics of a wronged and exterminated race. [Portland Adv.

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt-front is not the wife of his bosom. [N. Y. Com. Adv.

The Jennings Estate.

I once heard George Peabody say that for many years he had been bored with letters from America, asking him about visionary estates, falling to more visionary heirs in the United States; and even so humble an individual as your correspondent has received enough letters about the Jennings estate to yield him a glow of satisfaction in recording the prospect that the famous case has at last reached a situation in which the

Sale of Islands.

Under and by the direction of the Governor and Council, Land Agent Burleigh, on Tuesday last, sold by public auction, the following named and described islands on the coast of Maine belonging to the State. Besides a description of the several islands, we give the names and residences of the purchasers, and the price paid for each island. The auctioneers were Messrs. Pearl & Webb of Bangor.

Robinson's Rock, Penobscot bay, 3-4 mile S. of Mark Island, 2 acres, sold to Albion Ingraham, Rockland, $5.00.

Goose Rock, Penobscot bay, 1-2 mile N. of Mark Island, 1-2 acre, sold to J. G. Goss, Rockland, 25 cents.

Goose Island, Penobscot bay, 1-2 mile S. E. of Lassell's Island, 2 acres, sold to Richard Frohock, Lincolnville, $2.00.

Mouse Island, Penobscot bay, 3-4 mile E. of Lassell's Island, 6 acres, sold to H. B. Eaton, Camden, $4.00.

Lassell's Island, Penobscot bay, 2 1-2 miles S. of Long Island, 148 acres, sold to George S. Ames, Northport, $440.

Compass Island, Penobscot bay, 2 miles S. W. of Little Spruce Head Island, 10 acres, sold to Rodney Witherspoon, Butter Island, $15.50.

Scragg Island, Penobscot bay, 1-2 mile S. W. of Great Spruce Head Island, 6 acres, sold to Peter Eaton, Deer Isle, $5.

Barred Islands, Penobscot bay, 1-2 mile N. W. of Bench Island, 10 acres, T. L. Roberts, Bar Harbor, $9.50.

Spectacle Island, Eggamoggin Reach, 1-2 mile S. E. of Cape Rosier, 15 acres, sold to Daniel Blake, Brooksville, $11.

Bear Island, Eggamoggin Reach, 1-4 mile N. of Stinson's Neck, 25 acres, withdrawn.

Conary Island, Eggamoggin Reach, 1-4 mile N. of Bear Island, 60 acres, sold to Hardy Lane and Wm. Conary, Deer Isle and Bluehill Falls, $85.

Sheep Island, Penobscot bay, 1-4 mile S. W. of Little Deer Island, 2 acres, sold to Edwin Blastow, Deer Isle, $1.50.

Barred Island, Penobscot bay, 1-2 mile S. W. of Little Deer Island, 3 acres, sold to Edwin Blastow, Deer Isle, $3.

Crow Islands, 3-4 mile N. E. of Stinson's Neck, 7 acres, sold to John Conary, Deer Isle, $16.

Lazygut Island, 3-4 mile S. E. of Stinson's Neck, 10 acres, sold to Josiah C. Webb, Deer Isle, $21.

Mahoney Island, Eggamoggin Reach, 1-2 mile S. E. of Harbor Island, 5 acres, sold to G. W. Black, Brooklin, $14.

Little Mark Island, Deer Isle thoroughfare, 1 mile S. E. of Stinson's Neck, 1 acre, sold to Lemuel Conary, Deer Isle, $1.50

Dumpling Island, Deer Isle thoroughfare, 1 mile S of Stinson's Neck, 5 acres, sold to Josiah C. Webb, Deer Isle, $21.

Grog Island, Deer Isle thoroughfare, 1-2 mile N. W. of Bold Island, 6 acres, sold to Thomas W. Holder, Bangor, $40.

Scott's Island, Deer Isle thoroughfare, 1-8 mile N. of Green Island, 4 acres, sold to Charlotte Thurlow, Deer Isle, $3.50.

Flat Island, Deer Isle thoroughfare, between Green and Russ Islands, 1 acre, Joseph Fifield, Deer Island, $3.

No Man's Land Island, Deer Isle waters, 1-2 mile N. E. of McGlathery's Island, 2 acres, sold to Mich'l A. Achorn, Rockland, $2.50.

Gooseberry Island, Deer Isle waters, 1-4 mile E. of McGlathery's Island, 2 acres, sold to Samuel S. Eaton, Deer Isle, $2.

Ram Island, Deer Isle waters, between McGlathery's and Spruce Islands, 1 acre, sold to C. W. S. Cobb, Rockland, $1.

Bill's Island, Deer Isle waters, 1-3 mile N. W. of Pell's Island, 2 acres, sold to Thomas W. Holder, Bangor, $4.

Potato Island, Deer Isle thoroughfare, 1-4 mile W. of St. Helena Island, 2 acres, sold to Thomas W. Holder, Bangor, $7.50.

Flat Island and White Head Island, Deer Isle thoroughfare, between Camp and Green Islands 1 1-2 acres, sold to Samuel S. Eaton, Deer Isle, $4.

John's Island, Deer Isle thoroughfare, 1-2 mile S. of Thurlow's Island, 2 acres, sold to Thomas W. Holder, Bangor, $5.50.

Kimball's Island, Deer Isle thoroughfare, 3-4 mile S. of Thurlow's Island, 8 acres, sold to Thomas W. Holder, Bangor, $80.

Ram and Ewe Islands, Deer Isle waters, 1-4 mile N. W. of Merchants' Island, 7 acres, sold to Charles Cousins, Deer Isle, $22.75.

Scrag Island, Deer Isle waters, 3-4 mile S. W. of Mark Island, 2 1-2 acres, sold to Joseph Fifield, Deer Isle, $1.50.

Peggy's Island, Deer Isle thoroughfare, barred to Thurlow's Island, 2 acres, sold to Charlotte Thurlow, Deer Isle, $1.

Sheep Island, W. of Deer Isle, 1-4 mile S. of Fifield's Point, 1 acre, sold to Joseph Fifield, Deer Isle, $1.

Second Island, W. of Deer Isle, 1-2 mile S. of Fifield's Point, 2 acres, Charlotte Thurlow, Deer Isle, $2.75.

Barred Island, W. of Deer Isle, barred to Crockett's Point, 4 acres, sold to Thomas W. Holder, Bangor, $13.50.

Hart's Isle, W. of Deer Isle, near N. W. Harbor, 2 acres, sold to Rodney Witherspoon, Butler Island, $7.50.

Lime Island, Isle au Haut Bay, 1-4 mile N. of Kimball's Island, 1 acre, sold to Emma Montgommery, Logan, Ohio, $1.00.

Western Head Island, barred to S. end of Isle au Haut, 7 acres, sold to Mrs. Emily Harvey, Rockland, $8.00.

Crow Island, Burnt Coat Division, 1-2 mile N. of Long Island, 7 acres, sold to Z. P. Lane, Long Island, $16.

Gooseberry Island, Burnt Coat Division, 1-2 mile S. W. of Swan's Island, 5 acres, sold to Joseph Stanley, Swan's Island, $5.

Black Island, W. of Mt. Desert Island, 1-2 mile N. of High Head, 9 acres, sold to Thomas W. Holder, Bangor, $10.

Folly Island, W. of Mt. Desert, in Pretty Marsh Harbor, 7 acres, Ira L. McFarland, Eden, $11.50.

A Island, N. of Mt. Desert Island, near Thomas Island, 2 1-2 acres, sold to T. L. Roberts, Bar Harbor, $3.25.

B Island, N. of Mt. Desert Island, near Thomas Island, 5 acres, sold to Thomas W. Holder, Bangor, $7.50.

Dram Island, S. of Sullivan, 1-4 mile W. of Simpson's Island, 6 acres, sold to Edwin Blastow, Deer Isle, $20.50.

Green Island and Burnt Island, Frenchman's Bay, barred to Stave Island, 7 acres, sold to Galen H. Smith, Gouldsboro', $10.

Yellow Island, Frenchman's Bay, 1-8 mile W. of Jordan's Island, 5 acres, sold to T. L. Roberts, Bar Harbor, $12.50.

Crow Island, Frenchman's Bay, 1-8 mile W. of Grindstone Neck, 3 acres, sold to Freeland R. Bunker, Gouldsboro', $1.00.

Ned's Island, S. of Grindstone Neck, barred to Mark Island, 5 acres, sold to Merrill Sargent, Gouldsboro', $9.25.

Rolling Island, Wansequek Bay, E. of Schoodic Point, 5 acres, sold to Hiram D. Coombs, Gouldsboro, $2.75.

Western Island, mouth of Indian Harbor, Gouldsboro', 5 acres, sold to Hiram D. Coombs, Gouldsboro', $3.60.

Outer Bar Island, mouth of Indian harbor, Gouldsboro', 6 acres, sold to Hiram D. Coombs, Gouldsboro', $3.75.

Sheep Island, mouth of Goudsboro' bay, Goulbsboro', 9 acres, sold to Eli Foster, Cherryfield, $5.25.

Sallie Island, mouth of Goulsboro' bay, Goulsboro', 8 acres, sold to Edward R. Spear, Rockland, $6.

Eastern Island, entrance of Goulsboro' bay, Goulsboro', 6 acres, sold to Sidney M. Bird, Rockland, $25.

No Man's Land Island, Penobscot bay, 1 mile N. E. of Matinicus Island, 15 acres, sold to Samuel I. Lovejoy, Rockland, $31.

Wheaton's Island, barred to Matinicus Island, 19 acres, sold to Henry J. Condon, Matinicus Isle, $50.

Matinic Green Island, 1-2 mile S. of Matinic Island, 9 acres, sold to Eliza Thorndike and Israel L. Snow, Rockland, $35.

Cedar Island, Isle of Shoals, 1-4 mile S. E. of Smutty Nose Island, 10 acres, sold to Zopher R. Folsom, Biddeford, $60.

Round Porcupine Island, Frenchmen's Bay, 1-2 mile E. of Mt. Desert, 12 acres, sold to T. L. Roberts, Bar Harbor, $295.

Green Island, S. of Gouldsboro', barred to Petit Menan, 3 acres, sold to Eli Foster, Cherryfield, $6.

Iron Bound Island, Frenchman's Bay—lot on, 151 21-32 acres, sold to Galen H. Smith, Gouldsboro', $96.

Total amount of sales, $1,544.15.

The Democratic Committee to Wade Hampton.

Hon. Abram S. Hewitt has written the following letter to Gen. Wade Hampton—

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE,
NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR: Your admirable address to the people of South Carolina is the subject of universal commendation here. In fact, the prudence, the forbearance and the self-control of your people, under the most exasperating provocations, is beyond all praise. I can only trust that in the exciting situation in which you will find yourself next week no outbreak will occur. It is almost too much to expect that there will be no indiscreet men in South Carolina who may provoke the collision, but, nevertheless, the providence of God has so far guided you and your people in all your difficulties that your friends rest in calm confidence upon the wisdom and good fortune which have so far attended your actions.

You may rest assured that your Northern brethren have consecrated themselves to the work of your deliverance, and will never cease their efforts until you are restored to that freedom wherewith you "were made free" by the labors and sacrifices and wisdom of our forefathers and your forefathers.

God give you and your people all the wisdom and all the patience needed in this hour of trial, and in this crisis of the destiny of our common country.

We have full faith in the justice of the people of the United States, and we do not entertain a doubt of the final verdict which they will pass upon the occurrences of the last two weeks. This verdict will surely vindicate their majesty and re-establish free government upon a lasting basis. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ABRAM S. HEWITT,
Chairman National Democratic Com.
General WADE HAMPTON, Columbia, S. C.

Unheard-of Brutality.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.

Mrs. W. A. Gleason, widow of John T. Gleason, formerly a state Senator of Maine, was recently taken by a policeman to Bellevue Hospital, New York, while in a fainting fit on Broadway. There she was robbed, beaten and maltreated by brutish female nurses, kept in a cell and in a straight jacket, nearly starved, and finally sent to the Insane Asylum at Blackwell's Island, where she was placed with the maniacs who beat her nearly to death, and where she was covered with vermin. Mrs. Bishop, a lady friend, heard of the outrage, had her released and took Mrs. Gleason to her home where she now is corner Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth streets. The above is Mrs. Bishop's statement.

Gov. Hendricks was in New York last week. He is reported to have spoken of his visit as follows—

He did not come here for the purpose of holding a conference. He states that he is so perfectly convinced that the feeling of honest men throughout the country is so general that Tilden has been elected, and the sense of justice of the country, irrespective of party, is so strong that the corrupt Canvassing Boards of the South will not dare to set public opinion at defiance, and if they do make the attempt they will fail in their purpose.

THE ELECTION.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Republican Canvassing Board of South Carolina has placed itself in opposition to the Supreme Court, and taken revolutionary steps. On Wednesday the Supreme Court made an order commanding the Returning Board to issue certificates of election to all persons who were shown by the report of the Board to have received the highest number of votes for members of the Legislature, including the counties of Edgefield and Laurens. This would have given the Democrats a majority of four in the lower house and secured to them the State offices. The Court then took up the question of electors, and issued an order to the Board to show cause why they should not correct the statements of the County Canvassers by the precinct returns in their possession.

Within an hour after these orders were made, and in open defiance of the Court, the Board threw out the whole vote of Laurens and Edgefield counties, and declared the vote By this their count gives a Republican majority in the Legislature, and defeats every Democratic candidate for State offices. The Board then finally adjourned.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Nov. 25. The imprisonment by the Supreme Court of the State Canvassers for contempt, this evening, and the decision of the Court that its Clerk shall issue certificates of election to all the members of the Legislature who were elected according to the report made by the State Canvassers to the Court, will precipitate the issue in South Carolina. The highest legal tribunal in the State has thus solemnly decided that the vote actually cast at the election, as officially certified first by the precinct managers, then by the County Board, and finally by the State Canvassers themselves, must prima facie determine the composition of the Legislature until that body can organize and pass upon the credentials of its own members and upon the question of who has been elected Governor.

There is no power in existence which can thwart or reverse this decision, unless it be the military forces of the United States, acting under the direct authority of President Grant. This would be a step so much further in advance of the utmost stretch of Federal interference ever attempted in time of peace, that people here generally do not think it possible; for the intervention of bayonets in this case would be absolutely without color of law or justice, and in defiance of the authority of a tribunal composed of three Republican Judges, one of whom is a black man. Nevertheless, leading Republicans here profess the utmost confidence that now that crisis has come, it will be solved by the sword within forty-eight hours.

The programme which they predict will be carried out is the occupation of the State House by a strong force of Federal troops, with orders to disregard the certificates of election issued under authority of the Supreme Court, and to admit into the building none but those holding the certificates issued by the State Canvassers in such hot haste on Wednesday previous to their final adjournment, to escape the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court.

Quite a sensation has been created here tonight by the public declaration of Tim Hurley, one of the Hayes electors, that if he believes his certificate of election has been unfairly issued, or by any trickery or fraud, he will decline to serve. Hurley says that he is an intimate friend of Gov. Chamberlain, that he has got to live in this State, and, what is more, he considers himself the only man on the Republican electoral ticket who has any substantial interests at stake. He, therefore, cannot afford to accept a certificate of election granted through fraud or chicanery. If Hurley should decline to serve in the event of the State being fully declared for Hayes, it would make no difference, as under the laws of South Carolina the other Republican electors have the right to fill the vacancy. Whether upon a consideration of law Hurley might not conclude to cast his vote for Tilden is uncertain. He declines to speak positively on this point, but says his present inclination would be to decline to serve.

GRANT ORDERS THE TROOPS TO SUSTAIN CHAMBERLAIN.

The following was sent from this city tonight:—

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26.

Gen. Thomas S. Ruger, or Col. H. M. Black, Columbia, S. C.:

The following has been received from the President:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, Nov. 26.

Hon. J. D. Cameron, Secretary of War

Sir—D. H. Chamberlain is now the Governor of the State of South Carolina beyond any controversy, and remains so until a new Governor shall be duly to maintain Republican government in the state against resistance too formidable to be overcome by the state authorities. You are directed therefore to sustain Governor Chamberlain in his authority against domestic violence until otherwise ordered.

U. S. GRANT.

In obeying these instructions you will advise with the Governor and dispose your troops in such manner as may be deemed best, in order to carry out the spirit of the above order of the President. Acknowledge receipt.

J. D. CAMERON, Secretary of War.

APPLICATION TO UNITED STATES COURT.

COLUMBIA, Nov. 27. On application for writs of habeas corpus, the Board of State Canvassers were brought this morning into the United States Circuit Court, Judges H. L. Bond and G. S. Bryan presiding. The Board were in the custody of the Sheriff of the County, who through counsel asked time to make a return to the application of the writs. The Court signified that the time would be granted and the prisoners would be held in the custody of the Court pending the return.

The application was based on the ground that the Board were discharging the duties of appointing Presidential electors when the Supreme Court of the State interrupted them.

On subsequent notice of the counsel time was granted until Wednesday at 10 o'clock to make a return, pending which the Board was placed in charge of the United States Marshal.

The members of the Board are now at large, but accompanied by Deputy Marshals.

PROTEST AGAINST GRANT'S PROCLAMATION.

The following despatch signed by Senator Gordon of Georgia, Senator Johnson of Virginia, Gen. Wade Hampton, several circuit judges a large number of State Senators, Representatives and many prominent citizens of the State had just been sent:

To the President of the United States:

We, the undersigned, visitors from a distance, and a committee of the Democratic members-elect of the South Carolina Legislature, the Democratic Executive Committee and citizens, having just seen by an Associated Press despatch that Gov. Chamberlain has applied for United States troops to be placed under his orders at the assembling of the Legislature to-morrow, and this is our solemn protest against the troops being placed under command of Gov. Chamberlain. We have no objection to the presence of troops and will co-operate with them in preserving peace; but we protest against the use of the U. S. Army in controlling the organization of the Legislature and enforcing the inauguration of Gov. Chamberlain, who has been defeated by the white and colored voters at the ballot-box. There is not the remotest danger of disturbance of the peace by the Democrats.

If it occurs it will be at the instigation of Gov. Chamberlain whose partisans have taken the only lives lost in the late exciting canvass in the State Not one drop of blood has been shed in any political disturbance except by the Republicans. It is literally true that the Democrats received their greatest majorities in the counties where the United States soldiers were stationed. What pretense therefore is there for Gov. Chamberlain's demand for troops to keep the peace? We refer for confirmation of these statements to the Commander of the United States forces at this place and elsewhere in the State.

TROOPS GARRISON THE STATE HOUSE AND CONTROL THE ORGANIZATION.

United States troops took possession of the state house at Columbia on Tuesday, admitting no members of the Legislature who had not certificates from the canvassing boards, and under protection of Grant's bayonets the body organized.

The Democratic members-elect to the House of Representatives met at 7 o'clock this evening in Carolina Hall, 61 Democrats and 2 Republicans participating and were sworn in by Judge Cook. The House organized and will claim recognition to-morrow. This leaves 58 members in the Republican House, or one less than the quorum claimed by them and 5 less than the number which the Democrats claim is necessary for a quorum. Each House will demand of the Secretary of State the returns of the vote for Governor. All is quiet to-night.

The Supreme Court has not yet decided the question of counting the Electoral vote.

LOUISIANA.

In this state the returning board is at work on the returns. A Democratic committee is present, but reporters for the press are excluded. At the date of this writing the uncontested parishes are all counted, and the real contest begins on those concerning which questions are raised. The following account of the proceedings of Saturday show what the Democrats have to contend with.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

When the returns from the parishes marked "contested" were opened, the Democratic counsel were allowed to be present. The returns from De Soto parish were brought in and were contained in one package, sealed with wax. When the seals were broken by the members of the Board there were found inside a consolidated statement of the votes, the Commissioners statements and the tally-sheets attached to the returns. There were also a large number of protests and affidavits. The Secretary of the Board said the package had been received on the 18th inst., and such entry is in his receipt book. The returns, he said, had come by mail.

In the course of inspection it was discovered that one of the protests of the Supervisors, charging general intimidation, WAS DATED NOV. 25 AND SWORN TO IN THIS CITY before a Commissioner of the Circuit Court. When called upon to explain how a protest dated on the 25th inst. (to-day) could get into a sealed registered Post Office package received by mail on the 18th inst., the Secretary said he had received two packages. He was detected by one of the Democratic counsel present in the act of making another entry in his book of two packages received. After some delay another package was produced and found to contain a consolidated statement of the votes and the Commissioners' returns, but no protests or affidavits. The members of the Board were unable to explain the matter, and Senator Akerman, of the Republican Visiting Committee, remarked that there was no use to disguise the fact that the returns had been opened and the protests inserted after the package of returns had been received. The affair created quite a sensation among the members of the Committee opposed. The members of the Democratic Committee were very outspoken in the opinion that a fraud had been perpetrated, and the Republicans did not deny that the affair had a very peculiar aspect.

FLORIDA.

The returns in Florida are reported to have been very nearly completed on Tuesday, the following is the Associated Press dispatch—

The Republican net majority is 42. Dade county is not yet in and its majority cannot be over 20 either way. The Democrats have a claim of 23 omitted votes in Clay county, which appear on the face of the returns from that county, but are not added up in the general result, because it is not in evidence that the inspectors and Clerk were sworn. The 23 votes will probably be counted by common consent. This would leave a majority of 19 for the Republican Electors. The county that made the only violent inroad on the Democratic calculation was Baker. They have a regularly certified copy of return from that county giving a Democratic majority of ninety-four. This return wa regular, and it was thought final. This morning a new return was read, signed by the Judge and Sheriff, but not the County Clerk, which by the throwing out of several Democratic precincts, gives a Republican majority of 41, making a difference of 125 votes. The Democrats were astonished at this alteration and will produce the precinct returns to show that it is not a correct return.

Upon completing the counting of returns, the Board adjourned until 4 o'clock P. M.

On assembling of the Board this evening Mr. Pasco Democratic counsel, asserted that another return than the one received had been sent to the Board from Baker County, signed by the Clerk and a justice and giving a different result. The Chairman said Baker County was not under discussion, but after further remarks the Secretary without opposition read a return signed by the Clerk and a justice giving Tilden 90 majority. It appears that two returns, one signed by the Clerk and a justice and the other by the Judge, Sheriff, and a justice were sent up.

With the first return counted Tilden Electors have 91 majority, and with both returns held subject to further decision the Democrats have two Electors by 5 majority and one by 3 majority, and the Republicans have one Elector by one majority.

Notice has been given that many of the returns need be contested, so that the final result is still in doubt.

Burglars Foiled.

Wednesday night the village of Waterville was the scene of the most intense excitement, caused by the seizure of the two night watchmen, with the undoubted intention of robbing Waterville Bank. At quarter to eleven o'clock Wednesday evening, night watchman Wood was coming up Silver street, on his regular beat, when nearly opposite Willard Arnold's house, he met four men, strangers to him. They suddenly stepped up to him, and one of them said, "You're just the man we are looking for," and without any further preliminaries they seized him. The first performance was for one of them to place his hand over the watchman's mouth, to prevent any alarm being given; the other three put him upon his back. They then blindfolded him, gagged him by putting a stick across his mouth, and securing it by strings passing around his neck. His arms were drawn behind his back and his hands were handcuffed. He was then bound about the legs and arms with about fifteen feet of window cord. The highwaymen then took the helpless officer, and carried him to an old shed, in the rear of the Catholic church, where they laid him down. Two of the robbers remained with him as guard, while the other two went in quest of the other watchman, Waterville having but two night watchmen at the present time. They had previously inquired of Wood as to the whereabouts of the other watchman, and he had given them information to mislead them, in hopes to frustrate their plans.

The name of the other watchman is George Vigue. It is the practice of the two officers to meet at midnight at the Ticonic Bank, and there take a lunch. Vigue came down on the night in question, and not finding his brother officer true to his appointment he waited awhile, and started down Main street in search of him. He had reached the corner of Silver street, nearly opposite the Williams House, when he saw two men (the other two robbers) come out from the rear of the Waterville Bank building. He supposed that one was Wood accompanied by some one. He advanced towards the back of the head with a billy. But he dodged, and received the blow only partially. He broke away, and screamed "*murder!*" to the top of his voice. The robbers ran, and Vigue let three shots from his revolver follow them. But they were quite a distance off, and as the revolver was held by an excited man, the shots did not have their desired effect.

The cry of murder aroused some dozen or fourteen citizens, whose first effort was to ascertain the whereabouts of Mr. Wood, the first impression being that he had been murdered. Search was continued from a little past midnight until half-past two o'clock yesterday morning, when a general fire alarm was given and the whole town turned out, and with lanterns, went in every direction, looking for the missing watchman. The majority searched in the vicinity where Wood was seized, as his walking stick was found there. But Mr. F. J. Hill and George Woodward, went further into the outskirts, and as they came across Winter street, they heard noises, as of some one groaning. They thought it proceeded from the Widow Scoles' house, and that the robbers might be operating there. Just as they got to the door the groans were repeated, but they came from the vicinity of the yard in rear of the Catholic church, accompanied by feeble cries of help, as from some one in mortal agony. Hill and Woodward had two fences to climb, and it was a most dismal place. Hill thought the cries came from Wood, and inquired, "Where are you, Wood?" The response came faintly. "Wherever you are, you are in distress," responded Hill. The two young men then went into the yard and found Wood. Kneeling down by his side, they found him bound hand and foot. He had managed to get the gag partially from his mouth. Wood was very much excited, having laid on his back, unable to move, from 11 to about 4 o'clock. The cords was cut, the handcuffs and other appliances removed. They found a burglars' lantern and the watchman's clock on the premises. When placed upon his feet, he was scarcely able to stand or walk. As he was taken upon the street, the glad cry was raised, "here he is!" The crowd gathered round, and Wood told the story, substantially as we have given it.

Mr. Wood is confident that he can identify two of the robbers. One is short, thick-set, dark complexion, heavy dark moustache. The second man was of about the same size, sandy complexion, with scar between his eyes. It is quite clear from their operations that they are professional cracksmen. City Marshal Farrington and others, are confident that the first robber we have mentioned was implicated in the Winthrop affair. It is evident that their intention was to enter Waterville Bank and rifle it of its contents, that being the only bank in town unprovided with a chronometer lock. Every effort is being made to find the robbers. They have been tracked to Augusta, in a carriage; here the trail was lost. People along the route heard the carriage, and from its rapid movements thought it was the carriage of a physician. The citizens of the town are very much excited over the affair. All feel that a bold, prearranged plan of bank robbery has been defeated by the thoughtfulness and bravery of Vigue. [Augusta Journal.

The Vote of Hurricane Island.

AUGUSTA, Nov. 24. The Governor and Council to-day, heard the case involving the illegality of the vote of Hurricane Island. A P. Gould of Thomaston appeared for the petitioners, and T. P. Pierce of Rockland for the respondents. The petitioners claim that said island does not belong to Vinalhaven; second, that the act creating it a voting precinct is unconstitutional, and that the return of the votes was not sealed, as required by the statute. The Council tabled the case and adjourned to Thursday next.

A Lewiston rumseller-ess carried her stock of filled bottles in a "pannier" with nine compartments, each compartment holding a bottle. According to the Journal the police interferred in her business and the pannier is kept as a precious relic among the old horse shoes, the empty rum jugs and other precious souvenirs of police life in Lewiston.

REPUBLICAN JOURNAL.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1876.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
BY
WILLIAM H. SIMPSON.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS. In advance, $2.00 a year; within the year, $2.50, at the expiration of the year, $3.00.

ADVERTISING TERMS. For one square, (one inch of length in column,) $1.00 for one week, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A fraction of a square charged as a full one.

S. M. PETENGILL & CO., 6 State St., Boston, and 37 Park Row New York, are our authorized Agents for procuring subscriptions and forwarding advertisements.

BATES & LOCKE, 34 Park Row, New York, are authorized agents for procuring advertisements for the Journal.

GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 40 Park Row, New York, will receive advertisements for this paper, at the lowest rates. Their orders will receive prompt attention.

HORACE DODD, 121 Washington St., Boston, is an authorized Agent for the Journal.

Subscribers are requested to take notice of the date on the colored slips attached to the paper. It is the only form of receipt now used. For instance, 15 May 76, means that the subscription is paid to that date. When a new payment is made, the date will be changed to correspond, and SUBSCRIBERS ARE REQUESTED TO SEE THAT THEIR DATES ARE CORRECT. Subscribers in arrears are requested to forward the sums due.

SUBSCRIBERS desiring to have the address of papers changed, must state the Post Office to which the paper has been sent as well as the one to which it is to go.

ADMINISTRATORS, EXECUTORS and GUARDIANS desiring their advertisements published in the Journal will please so state to the Court.

[Persons desiring Probate Advertising in their control to appear in the Journal, will need to make that request of the Court.]

S. R. NILES, No. 6 Tremont Street, Boston, is agent for the publisher of this paper, and his receipts and orders are always recognized.

In sending money, state THE POST OFFICE to which the paper is sent.

Stop and Think.

It is well at times to stop and think. Sometimes unreflecting persons are *obliged* to stop and think. And one of the occasions when men are obliged to stop and think, is when they are out of money—and out of employment. Such a condition of things is one of the most potent of persuaders, and out of it comes often to the thinker a conviction that he has been mistaken theretofore.

Let us illustrate by a familiar example that will come right home to the people of the city of Belfast, and cause many of them to stop and think. There is in this city a shoe factory that employs at full capacity over one hundred and fifty hands, and pays out for labor about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year. That sum of money furnishes the means of living to a good many families, and its expenditure among the business men and mechanics is no small item in the prosperity of the city. The goods are marketed entirely at the south, mostly at New Orleans. A month ago the promise for a good winter work was excellent, growing out of the prospect of a conservative national government. The proprietors of the factory laid in a large stock, and prepared for active employment. But suddenly there was set up the claim that the vote of Louisiana, South Carolina and Florida would be counted in for Hayes, and the Presidential result made doubtful. Since that time the agent of the shoe factory managers, who is soliciting orders at New Orleans, writes home that the dealers there are so apprehensive about the future that they will not buy, and that if the fear single order.

The consequence to us here is that an important industry ceases, the skilled workmen are idle about the streets, and their families are perhaps in want. It will be seen that the rigid and inexorable laws of political economy, of cause and effect, apply to the case. Bad government, dishonesty and fraud in Louisiana produce apprehension of the future. The threatening of civil disturbance is the signal for the business man and the capitalist to gather up his means and prepare to flee. The planter will not prepare to put in crops that he may never harvest. The mechanic gets no work, the laborer is without employment. Where there is no business done, no crops raised, and no employment for laborers, of course there is no means to purchase northern products. Therefore the wheels of northern factories stand still, and the idle operatives go about the streets.

Unthinking persons at the north, taking counsel of party hatred, may applaud those who are hounding on the disreputable canvassing boards at the south, and think that the consequences may never reach them. But the unbending laws of trade cannot be cheated—they will mete out their revenges.

Isn't it best to stop and think a little?

The New York Herald says: "Now let us reverse the picture, and see how it would look to our republican friends if democratic governors were acting the same part now being played by their southern republican executives. California is a close state, so close that it is claimed by the friends of Mr. Tilden that the result is not yet positively known. Governor Irwin is a democrat. Suppose he had telegraphed to Mr. Abram S. Hewitt "We hold the fort. Do not believe any republican reports about California. The state will be all right for Tilden on the final count;" and to the World, "Don't be concerned about California. The republican claim of a majority, if true, is secured by frauds in four or five counties, and will be remedied when the final count is made;" would not the country ring with outcries against the "rebels" and would it not be declared in emphatic terms that the intention of the democrats was to inaugurate a usurper in the place of the legally chosen president? To carry the picture a step further—if a democratic president had happened to be in power in Washington had sent troops to California to back Governor Irwin's efforts at an "honest count," would the republicans have looked on complacently and have justified the act, however proper it might have been?"

This is Thanksgiving, gentle reader. We have in these columns hailed the return of the day so oft, and treated of its hallowed memories and suggestions so repeatedly, that little remains for us to say. Enjoy the good things you have, be thankful from a heart that overflows with gratitude, and pray that we may all be here to partake of the festivities of another year.

Sheridan, the man who said of the citizens of Louisiana, "Let me declare them bandits, with power to do with them as I please, and there will be no more trouble in Louisiana," has been sent to New Orleans to assist the returning board in counting a majority for Hayes. Should the people object to the frauds of the board, Sheridan will probably have the full permission of Grant to treat them as bandits.

Fraud May Not Prevail.

There is evidence in the high-handed proceedings of the Grant administration in South Carolina, in the past history and present proceedings of the Republican party in Louisiana, and in the indications from Florida, sufficient to convince most men that the electoral votes of all those states are to be cast for the Republican candidates. That we regard as a foregone conclusion. It mattered not to the Returning Board of Lonisiana in 1872 that its whole action was a farce and a fraud, as four Republican United States Senators declared after a full investigation. It will matter not to the present officials that their proceedings are equally scandalous. The point is to declare the three states for Hayes; and this, in our judgment, will be done.

But those acts will not elect a President. The history of the proceeding will next come before the country, with a flood of light poured upon them, exposed to the scrutiny of the outraged and indignant people of the community. The press will blazon it, speakers at public meetings will denounce it, and the righteous indignation of a people will scout such a mockery of fairness and justice. Before the day appointed for opening and counting the votes a public sentiment will exist which no man or body of men with a sense of accountability will care to resist—and which no party hoping for a future can afford to outrage.

We hold that the majority of the Senate of the United States, partizan as it is, dare not, under the sanctity of their oaths, make of this a party question, while the very fate of our country may be trembling in the balance. It will happen again, as it has happened before, that in the majority will be found men of nerve and brain to act with the minority and prevent great wrongs. For every occasion Providence raises up the man. When President, Grant, under the counsel of bad advisers, set out on a career of foreign conquest and sent a fleet to San Domingo, it was Charles Sumner, one of the founders of the Republican party, who stood forth and denounced the scheme until it was abandoned—and yet it was a party measure. When the Republican party sought to unjustly impeach and remove President Johnson, it was William Pitt Fessenden who gave his influence and vote to the opposition, and averted the scandalous injustice.

Who he may be, or what state he may represent, we cannot predict—but some leader, with a mind above frauds and trickery, will lend his powers and weight of character to the cause of right as against his party, and that cause will prevail. Our hope is in the coming man—let us await his coming.

Domains Dog Cheap.

Those neglectful people who didn't attend the sale of islands, made by the State of Maine at Rockland last week, probably missed rare chances of making themselves landed proprietors at cheap rates. Maine suddenly awoke to a realization of the fact that she owned a series of beautiful and desirable spots along the coast, surrounded by the all embracing sea, and she might assert her claim and put money in her purse. So they were each put under the inexorable hammer and sold, as chronicled in another column. The amount realized will not be a very great accession to the treasury. But it the constitution nobility, the State might have realized a very pretty sum by selling, along with these bits of terra firma, corresponding orders of rank. We might then have had the Prince of Potato Island, the Count of Scrag, the Marquis of Mouse, the Duke of Dumpling, &c. But the days of chivalry are gone.

The new possessors ought to inquire, like Falstaff, where a commodity of good names can be had, for such titles as Sheep Island, Goose Island, and Ram Island, are neither elegant nor euphonious. Grog Island and Dram Island suggest something unlawful stirred up with a spoon, while Lazygut is more expressive than modest. Whether it be from the depressing effect of bad names or other cause, these gems of the sea went off at fearfully low prices. One purchaser actually bought an island for twenty-five cents, while the whole sixty-four realized only about fifteen hundred dollars. People tired of the vanities of the world, and wishing to try the life of a recluse, boys of Robinson Crusoe inclinations, and gushing lovers who long for

"—— some bright little isle of their own,
In the blue summer ocean, far off and alone,"

have certainly missed rare opportunities. So far as we are acquainted with the purchasers, there isn't a penny's worth of romance in the whole crowd.

Harper's Weekly says: "If Gen. Butler should be permitted to lead the Republicans in the next House the effect upon the party would be visible and very lamentable. The cry that he will stir up the rebel brigadiers' is simply stupid. If that is the function of the Republican party, no wonder that the result of the election is so mortifying."

The Newport News is the title of a new weekly paper which makes its appearance on our table. It is published at the thriving town of that name in Penobscot county, on the line of the Maine Central Railroad, and is a very handsome sheet of twenty-eight columns. H. A. Stevens, editor and proprietor.

The medical society of Cumberland County has been analyzing several specimens of quack opium antidote which is advertised and sold professedly for the cure of the opium habit. All of them were found to contain morphine, thus feeding the very habit they pretended to cure.

Attention is called to the card of Mr. F. H. Moses, who has a fine floral establishment at Bucksport. Persons who may wish for flowers for any of the numerous occasions on which they are in request, will find Mr. Moses a gentleman of excellent taste and fair dealing.

David Magoon, in prison at Concord, N. H., under a thirty years sentence for poisoning his wife, got out of confinement in about thirty days. He put his head in a bucket of water, and was found dead next morning.

Vigue, the Waterville bank watchman who wouldn't keep quiet when the burglars had him, is a Frenchman and a plucky fellow. He ought to be rewarded.

The Rockland Free Press continues to publish Bob Ingersoll's old speeches, and invites the mourners to partake of those funeral baked meats.

There was a snow storm at New York on Monday night, which reached as far south as Washington.

Home from the Centennial.

Correspondence of the Journal.

BOSTON, Nov. 22d, 1876.

I thought I had left the Centennial behind me when we sped away from Philadelphia, but the persistent little dispenser of peanuts and bananas, having exhausted his attractions in that line, came audaciously forward with those everlasting, many folded books of Centennial views! The next day, while fascinated with the flashing beauty of the Sound, another bunch of "Centennial views" was thrust under my nose; and here in this blessed old Hub no auctioneer doing any respectable business considers his advertisement complete without the announcement of "goods from the Centennial!"

More than a year has gone since New England scenes have met my gaze, and my ride from Gotham was a constant delight. Nowhere else does one see exactly such villages, buzzing with their overflowing vitality, or such dear old sleepy towns, drowsily brooding over a past whose memories are to them much more important than the rapidly succeeding events of the present. The houses whose huge proportions sheltered families well worth the name are still standing. Those vast chimneys suggest great roaring fires, in whose ashes chestnuts were roasted, while rosy cheeks grew rosier watching the process, and young voices shouted with glee when some vicious nut went pop across the room. What a paradise for young ones were the carpetless kitchens and chairs whose home-made cushions might easily be tossed aside! I remember one such farm house in Berksh

News of the City and County.

Thanksgiving week is a busy one with grocers.

Have you laid in a supply of patent medicine almanacs?

November goes out with a medal as the best behaved month of the year.

A young daughter of Michael Fogerty, while playing on Saturday, had her shoulder dislocated.

The mince pie is not what it once was. The old fashioned exhilarating brandy flavor is not there.

If you want to create an excitement in our streets just now, you had better be a sack of potatoes than anything else.

A woman never so nearly revolts at the decrees of Providence as when a wet Monday interferes with drying the washing.

Several lively fights have occurred among the potato buyers. The farmer sitteth on his cart, very much amused, on these occasions.

The season for levees and fairs approaches, when a fifty cent tidy and a ten cent pin cushion can be purchased for two dollars and a half.

The Odd Fellows have placed in each of the hotels newly printed and framed cards, to inform transient brothers of the order where they "hang out."

When you see a young woman with her eyes blacked, nose peeled and cheek bruised, you may know they had a "copenhagen party" at the Good Templars lodge the night before.

The large number of roosters now worn by matrons near tall feathers is accounted for by it being fashionable for the ladies to wear that portion of the bird—extremity upon their head gear.

The Amateur Dramatic Club is to soon produce the thrilling play of Colleen Bawn. Scenery, music, costumes, &c., are being prepared, and the curtain will rise about the middle of December.

Speaking of cats, a great many superfluous kittens are drowned in and about the post office. When these fellow wants come mewing about the door, the heart of Uncle Sam opens at once, and they are taken in and cared for.

Shortly after the war, a panorama of its battles, &c., was exhibited about the country, and finally became stranded in this city. It cost $800 originally, but last week was sold to pay storage, and brought the reduced figure of four dollars.

The proprietors of the Belfast shoe factory have employed a practical manufacturer who will introduce some new styles of shoes. An attempt will be made to cater to the western markets, their trade heretofore having been exclusively with the south.

You men and brethren from the country whose potato cellars are besieged by an excited crowd as soon as they arrive in city limits, may get the idea that every body here is famishing and desperate for that root crop. Such is not the case—but it is only because the price of potatoes is up in the neighborhood of eighty cents.

The steamer City of Richmond made her last trip to the westward on Wednesday, and has landed up for the winter. The Lewiston will call at this port every Monday afternoon, on her way to Portland, and every Friday on her passage to the eastward. This week, owing to Thanksgiving, she will not leave Portland until Friday night.

On Main street, not many rods above the postoffice, some small boys are in the frequent habit of firing a pistol loaded with shot and gravel. They point this festive plaything entirely according to their own sweet will. Now the crop of boys is large, and peeling a few can be spared, but the ordinary passer-by cannot be supposed to be entirely uninterested in regard to his own hide.

The clothing store of Sidney Kalish on Main st., was visited by burglars on Sunday night, and a quantity of clothing taken. The thieves entered the building through the rear cellar door, by breaking a pane of glass and unlocking it upon the inside. The door leading up stairs to the store was forced open. They left behind them an article of apparel that may possibly lead to their identification.

Thomas Haigh, mentioned last week as having been stabbed in the wrist, is more seriously injured than was at first supposed. The cut is on the right wrist, two inches and a half in depth, severing two large arteries. Up to Sunday last, when a surgical operation was performed, he had lost a large amount of blood, and now lies in a very critical condition.

Schr. G. F. Taylor, lumber loaded, from Bangor for Gloucester, Mass., came into this harbor 19th inst. for portion of her crew, and sailed 20th for destination. She leaked very badly, and the pumps were kept working continually till the night of the 21st, when in the intense darkness she went ashore on Lobster Cove, near Boal Harbor, and lies in a dangerous position. It is doubtful if she can be saved. The Taylor was a coasting register, and sailed from Boston.

The story of a male monitor of the man who in footy had a leg shot off so near the body that the surgeon could not be taken up, and of the surgeon who with his thumb stopped the flow of the life current while the man took a last farewell of his friends, now of our local surgeons last week found himself placed somewhat in the condition of the former surgeon. Having removed the bandage from a wounded man's arm the blood from the severed artery gushed forth. Placing a finger upon either side of the wound to press it firmly down, stopping the flow, and hold them there for twenty minutes while a man was hunting for another surgeon.

A lad, in the city, last week, being troubled with weak eyes, procured from the druggist a watch in which to bathe them. Concerning for the night the bottle was placed on a stand by the bed side, to be used if occasion required. Waking in the middle of the night with a pain in her eyes, she reached for the wash and gave her affected organs of sight a copious bathing, but failed to realize the expected balm. On the contrary they were more painful than before. She arose, lighted a lamp, and oh, horror! what a sight was there. She had forgotten that the oak bottle was on the same stand, and in the darkness had lovingly bathed her optics in oil! Besides spilling the same upon her person and bed, she caused a dark eye a member of the Lunenburg determine board.

A Lecture Course.—The gentlemen who have heretofore assumed the management of lecture courses in our city have found the task not altogether pleasant or profitable. With high cost lecturers from abroad, and sometimes disappointing ones, together with other unavoidable expenses, they have found themselves financially short at the end of the winter. The committee whose announcement will be found in another column will proceed upon a different plan—that of securing lecturers among our own citizens—as will be seen by the list given. They express a belief, which is largely concurred in, that an interesting and instructive course can be had this winter, at a rate which will bring it within easy reach of all, and leave the management not out of pocket, to say the least.

BURGLARS CAUGHT. The robbers of Kalish's store were arrested on Tuesday, in Unity, by constable G. H. Rich, of Thorndike. They were foolish enough to start up the railroad track, wearing new overcoats stolen from Kalish's store, and call for food at the house of Lyman Cates, in Thorndike. Constable Rich, who had heard of the burglary, started in pursuit, and arrested them in Unity. They showed light at first, but soon cooled down. They proved to be two hard looking characters, calling themselves Frank J. Green of Calais, and Geo. W. Adams of Waltham, Mass. Green has been an inmate of the Reform School. They were arraigned before Justice Raymond Rich, in Thorndike, when Mr. Kalish identified the coats, and failing to get $300 bail each, were lodged in jail on Wednesday. They will probably get away from the jail, and soon be at large again.

NEW STEAMBOAT. We have before alluded to the proposed steamer to be built for the Belfast and Brooksville route. The stock for such a boat has all been subscribed, the model is in the hands of the draughtsman, and the keel will be laid and the boat immediately built, probably in Carter's yard. Her dimensions are 85 feet in length, 17 feet beam, and 8 feet deep, measuring about 80 tons. She will have below two large cabins, fitted with state-rooms, a kitchen, and every convenience for passengers. Above she will have a hurricane deck, and be able to accommodate an excursion party of 400. She will be a propeller, built on a tug boat model, with power sufficient to do towing upon the harbor and bay, and will be quite speedy. She will be owned principally in Belfast, with a small portion of the stock held by parties on the other side of the bay, and will be commanded by Capt. Fred Gilmore, of this city.

CASTLE'S FOUNDRY. The handsome buildings now being erected by Mr. Castle on the site of his foundry that was destroyed in the great fire of 1873, are now nearly completed outwardly. They have a street front of 150 feet, with a depth of 120, are three stories in the rear and two in front. The casting room is 100 by 60 feet, and has smelting cupolas, one 78 and one 40 inches in diameter, and each 40 feet high, besides five crucible furnaces for brass work. The chimney is completed, is 92 feet high, 6 feet 6 inches square at the foundation, 3 feet 9 inches at the top, and will be surmounted by a cast iron cap. The engine, a very handsome one of 105 horse power, is on the spot. Three large ovens will prepare cores for castings, one oven being 22 feet long, 10 feet wide and 10 feet high. A reservoir supply of water ample for all purposes has been secured. A line yard in the rear contains a half acre of land with the railroad track through it, and beyond that an excellent wharf privilege. The foundry will be supplied with an abundance of the best tools, adapted to any job of work in the machinery line. Mr. Castle is one of the most competent men in his line in the state, thoroughly versed in the science, theory and practice of his business. Besides the general work of such an establishment, the foundry will make specialties of stone polishers, and a simple and serviceable steam pump of Mr. Castle's invention. This will be an important addition to the productive industries of the city, and, we have no doubt, profitable to the enterprising proprietor.

People who don't care for cold fingers can now catch smelts.

Some handsome new gas fixtures have been placed in the Baptist church.

The doctors quietly smile when they see boys walking on stilts. There will be bones to mend sooner or later.

A temperance lecture will be delivered by the pastor at the Baptist church on next Sabbath evening, at 7 o'clock.

Hay has been hauled into market quite freely of late. The price ranges from $6.00 for meadow to $15.00 for good hay.

Mathews Bros. announce their business by a sign that reaches across the entire length of the water front of their factory.

Clark & Fernald, who occupy a portion of the new shop at the shoe factory, now polish their own marble and granite, using one of Castle's patent polishers.

The price of potatoes on the streets Tuesday was 75 and 80 cents per bushel. Some of our local buyers have made large and lucrative sales at southern ports.

The ladies of the Unitarian society announce the first sociable of the season for Friday evening, Dec. 8th, at Hayford Hall. Supper will be served at 7 o'clock.

J. Y. Cottrell has purchased land adjoining the westerly side of McGilvery's ship yard, and is building a workshop upon it. It will be used as a ship yard if occasion requires.

The schr. Charley Backi, recently announced in these columns as to be coppered on her arrival at this port, was detained at Boston, and had the sheathing put on at that port.

Evening services at the Unitarian Church next Sunday at 7 o'clock. Lecture by the Pastor, Rev. J. T. Bixby, on the Materialist's Theory of Mind. Social sing after the conclusion of the lecture.

On Monday night, about 7 o'clock, a barn on the John Stimson place in Brooks, was burned, with 20 tons of pressed hay. The hay belonged to Michael Chase. The fire is supposed to have been incendiary.

Somebody has a flock of gigantic Shanghae fowls running at large, whose keeping is not expensive to the owner. One day they took a peck of corn away from a horse in front of our office, while the hungry animal looked on in neck astonishment.

The little steamer May Field, that last winter ran upon the Belfast and Brooksville route, is being enlarged at Bangor. She will have a section of fifteen feet placed in the middle of her. The business of her route, from Bangor to Sedgwick, has developed to such an extent that the enlargement was necessary.

The several vessels noticed among the list of charters at this port are now loading. Among the larger are the schrs. George E. Young and John L. Tracy, loading hay for Savannah and Brunswick, Ga., by Pitcher & Son; schr. Charley Backi hay, for Charleston, by Pitcher & Gorham, and schr. Ralph Howes, potatoes, for Philadelphia.

OUTRAGE BY A TRAMP. On Wednesday Constable Geo. F. Hunt, of Belmont, brought to this city a man about 40 years of age, calling himself James Stone, of Warren, and lodged him in jail. He is a tramp, and it is charged that he met on the highway Mrs. Hunt, mother of the officer, a lady 70 years of age, knocked her down and outraged her person. A hearing of the case will be had before Judge Johnson in a day or two.

FIRE. On Wednesday noon the house owned and occupied by Fred S. Crosby, on Primrose Hill, was discovered on fire. The flames in the high wind soon communicated with the house nearest, owned by Joseph Ham, of Jackson, and occupied by Mrs. Eliza Hall. Both were destroyed. The household furniture was mostly saved. The fire originated in the ell of the Crosby house, by means unknown. Both buildings were insured.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the boot and shoe store in Hayford Block, where good bargains are offered.—Silas Storer of Morrill, wants his wife's box of "head gear" that he lost on the road.—The Collector has a word to say to Searsmont tax payers.—Andrews Bros., Belfast, make another announcement of ready made clothing.—See notice of F. H. Moses, florist, Bucksport.—Piano Tuning by R. H. Hooper.—R. F. Tucker has taken charge of the New England House, in this city, and is making improvements in the same.

Judge Johnson last week issued a warrant against Ralph Clement, on complaint of Daniel Clement. The parties live in Waldo. Daniel, it seems, is living with one Gurney, who is running Clement's farm for his Clement's maintenance. That recently Ralph has been hired on the place, and was getting ready to depart. Last Thursday, while Daniel was away from home, his trunk was broken open and about $50.00 in money taken from it. An implement belonging to Gurney was found near the trunk, and was evidently used in effecting an entrance. Ralph was arrested Monday, as he was about to leave on the Boston boat, and taken before the Police Court. The testimony went to show that Ralph invested largely in clothing last week, but was not sufficient for his detention, and he was allowed to depart.

INCENDIARY. A son of Elisha Gordon, about 11 years old, fell off a two horse wagon, and the wheels passed over his shoulder and arm, dislocating the shoulder and cracking the bone of his arm in three places. Dr. Whitney of Freedom, set the shoulder and arm, and the boy is doing as well as could be expected.....Robert P. Rich has a calf of the Hereford blood, 7 1-2 months old, that girts five feet and two inches, and weighs 675 pounds. He took the first premium at the Northern Waldo County fair.

SLIP AGAIN. On Tuesday evening, the 5th inst., just preceding the departure of the Rev. J. E. Adams to his new field of labor, a good will meeting of the church and parishioners of this former charge, together with numerous friends and guests from other societies, was held in Union Hall. Religious services, short addresses and singing were the chief features of the occasion, the whole ending with a fine collation and the presentation of a generous sum of money to the departing friend, our pastor..... Wednesday evening the new ship R. E. Thomas, Capt. Peleg R. Nichols, came into port from the Penobscot river. The balance of her cargo will be scowed from Bangor and taken on board at her anchorage.....Recently Mr. Henry Carver was thrown from his carriage, receiving injuries confining him to his house for several days.....Notwithstanding the uncertainty concerning the next President, farmers are pushing their fall work ahead with alacrity, determined to lean upon their lands and their labors, backed by the blessings of Providence, for their support, rather than on the issues of the present political campaign. Verily we think that he who liveth on the fruits of the soil, derived therefrom by his own exertions, and drinketh from the springs of the earth, is king, let who will be President.

Tweed's Return.

Wm. M. Tweed landed Thursday afternoon at the foot of Grand street, New York, from the revenue cutter. He was taken in a carriage by Sheriff Connor, under Sheriff Cummings and order-of-arrest-clerk Stacy, to Ludlow street jail, where he was admitted through the gate-way and not by the office as is usual. All he remarked on being admitted to his cell by Warden Watson, was 'I thought I would come and see you again.' No one will be allowed to see him to-night, and no one but the watchman will be permitted to enter the corridor. The experience of his escape has made the officials of Ludlow street jail very watchful. He will be treated precisely as other prisoners, and allowed no privileges. His rooms are much smaller than those previously occupied, being furnished with rigid simplicity. The windows open on the court yard, and no access can be had to his apartment, except through the warden's room, while in the corridor a watchman is continually on guard.

THE INSURANCE PROBLEM has become one of the most important questions in mercantile and marine life. So much that is specious and nothing more, has been offered, (and on trial proved of no value,) that property holders on sea or on land will gladly peruse the magnificent exhibit of the Delaware Mutual Safety Insurance Co., which appears in our columns today. Aside from the undoubted security offered by the "Delaware" the 40 per cent dividend renders this a most economical as well as safe company in which to insure. Any application sent to W. V. Hutchings, 25 State street, Boston, will receive immediate attention.

The Grand Central Hotel, New York, is becoming more popular every day since its reduction from $4.00 to $2.50 and $3.00 per day.

Since that favorite and standard first class hotel of Boston the American House, has reduced its rates to $3, $3.50 and $4 per day, Boston is not behind any other city in affording first class accommodations at reasonable rates.

The Grand Central Hotel, New York, is the only leading first-class hotel that has come down to "hard pan" rates, viz: reduced from $4.00 to $2.50 and $3.00 per day.

What other Medicines have failed to do, HUNT'S REMEDY surely does. Restoring to health those afflicted with Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Bladder and Glandular Complaints, Diabetes and Gravel. HUNT'S REMEDY cures Incontinence and Retention of Urine, Excesses, Intemperance and Loss of Appetite. HUNT'S REMEDY is the best medicine ever discovered for the cure of these Diseases.

INFALLIBLE EYE WASH improves the Eyes.

Pills, Potions and Pungencies.

"FOREST TAR SALVE" cures Piles, when all other remedies have failed.

Don't pay 50 cts. $1.00, when you can buy an article like *Adamson's Botanic Balsom* for 35 cts. It cures Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Complaints. 35 and 75 cts. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

Holloway's Pills.—Turn of Life.—Armed with this great antidote, the fiery ordeal is passed through and the sufferer once more restored to the possession of unimpaired health. These Pills are equally efficacious in all female complaints, and obstructions at the dawn of womanhood. Sold everywhere. 25 cents per box or pot.

Bleeding of the Lungs.

Putnam, Conn., March, 20, 1869.

Gentlemen—I avail myself of this opportunity to say a word in behalf of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, which I have made use of in my family for several years, and always with the most beneficial results. My wife being of delicate habits, has always been troubled with a hard, dry, hacking cough, whenever taking a little cold, and has employed various specifics without obtaining any relief, until prevailed upon to test the virtues of WISTAR'S BALSAM, the effect of which has been truly astonishing.

More than a year since a young man belonging in this place was taken with bleeding at the lungs, in connection with a most severe cough, and was finally given over to die by our best physicians, and it was evident to all that Consumption was claiming him as a victim. Learning these facts, my wife sent him a bottle of the BALSAM, which he took, and, in due time, to the great astonishment of his friends, was at his accustomed occupation, snatched, as it were, from the very jaws of death. In many other cases we have administered the BALSAM to the consumptive, and always with the best of success. These statements are simple facts, which can be vouched for at any time by calling on me at my store. I remain, yours truly,

JOHN B. DARLING.

It has been customary in old communities to suspend piece of stick sulphur around the necks of children as a protection against contagion in epidemics. A thorough washing with GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP has been found a much better preventive. Sold everywhere.

Dr. Drake, of Portland, will be in Belfast, at Phenix House, December 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th. He makes a specialty of all Blood Diseases, Scrofula, Canker, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas and all forms of Humors, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Female weakness and all forms of Nervous weakness, Cancers and Tumors removed without the use of the knife. Dr. Drake is a resident physician of Portland, and has a large practice there, which with the number of cases successfully treated in Belfast and vicinity, recommends him as a skillful practitioner, also proprietor of Dr. Drake's Golden Bitters for Stomach and Liver Diseases, Dr. Drake's Nervous Pills for Nervous Weakness, and Dr. Drake's Liver Pills for Biliousness and Constipation of the Bowels. For sale at S. A. Howes & Co. and druggists generally. 2w21

If you prescribe remedies yourself, see that they are effective and will do no harm. "Forest Tar" preparations are of this character, for the Throat and Lungs. 4w21

To Southern and Western travelers to the Centennial who intend visiting New York will find the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Grand Central Depot, one of the best Hotels in New York to stop at. It is so near the depot that the traveler is spared all annoyance and expense of carting baggage and expressage hire, while its location is such that street car and stage lines radiate from this point to all parts of the city. It has elegantly furnished rooms, has all the latest improvements, and is run on the European plan. Travelers visiting New York, or on their way to or from the CENTENNIAL, will find this hotel *par excellence* in every respect. It is under the management of G. F. & W. D. GARRISON, and has become one of the most popular Hotels in the city of New York. 1yr

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, AND COLDS.

The great virtue of this medicine is that it ripens the matter and throws it out of the system, purifies the blood, and thus effects a cure. SCHENCK'S SEA WEED TONIC, FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, &C.

The Tonic produces a healthy action of the stomach, creating an appetite, forming chyle, and curing the most obstinate cases of Indigestion.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT, &C.

These Pills are alterative, and produce a healthy action of the liver, without the least danger, as they are free from calomel, and yet more efficacious in restoring a healthy action of the liver.

These remedies are a certain cure for Consumption, as the Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter and purifies the blood. The Mandrake Pills act upon the liver, creates a healthy bile, and remove all diseases of the liver, often a cause of Consumption. The Sea Weed Tonic gives tone and strength to the stomach, makes a good digestion, and enables the organs to form good blood; and thus creates a healthy circulation of healthy blood. The combined action of these medicines, as thus explained, will cure every case of Consumption, if taken in time, and the use of the medicines persevered in.

Dr. Schenck is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. 4w18

Castora is a perfect substitute for Castor Oil, without any of its objections, for it is pleasant to take, and does not nauseate or gripe. For Costiveness at any age, but especially for Sour Stomach, Wind Colic, Worms and Disordered Bowels of Children, it is the most effective remedy in existence. It is harmless, it is reliable, and it is cheap.

There need be no pain where Centaur Liniment is used. Burns and Scalds are healed without a scar. Rheumatism, Sprains, and most flesh, bone and muscle ailments can be absolutely cured. There are two kinds. The White Centaur Liniment is for family use. The Yellow for horses and animals. One trial will convince the incredulous.

Is Your Life Worth 10 Cents?

Sickness prevails everywhere, and everybody complains of some disease during their life When sick, the object is to get well; now we say plainly that no person in this world that is suffering with Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and its effects, such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Heart Burn, Palpitation of the Heart, Depressed Spirits, Biliousness, etc., can take GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER without getting relief and cure. If you doubt this, go to your Druggist in any town and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Regular size 75 cents. Two does will relieve you. R. H. Moody agent for Belfast; Kittridge, Rockland; Fletcher, Camden; ———, Waldoboro; Smith & Sons, Searsport; ———, Bucksport; Robinson, Thomaston. cow14

Think for Yourself.

Thousands lead miserable lives, suffering from dyspepsia, a discorded stomach and liver, producing biliousness, heartburn, costiveness, weakness, irregular appetite, low spirits, raising food after eating and often ending in fatal attacks of fever. THEY KNOW THEY ARE SICK, yet get little sympathy. The unfailing remedy, which is yearly restoring thousands, is DaCosta's Radical Cure sold by W. O. Poor & Son, sole agents for Belfast. A. J. Jordan, agent for Orland. R. B. Stover, agent for Bucksport.

A 25c. bottle will convince you of its merits. Don't delay another hour after reading this, but go and get a bottle, and your relief is as certain as you live. Will you do it, or will you continue to suffer? Think for yourself.

Professor Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup is perfectly safe and extremely palatable. No physic required. Costs 25 cents. Try it. tf49

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Forest Tar,
For Throat, Lungs, Asthma, and Kidneys.

Forest Tar Solution,
or Inhalation for Catarrh, Consumption, Bronchitis, and Asthma.

Forest Tar Troches,
or Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Tickling Cough and Purifying the Breath.

Forest Tar Salve,
or Healing Indolent Sores, Ulcers, Cuts, Burns, and for Piles.

Forest Tar Soap,
or Chapped Hands, Salt Rheum, Skin Diseases, the Toilet and Bath.

Forest Tar Inhalers,
or Inhaling for Catarrh, Consumption, Asthma.

For Sale by all Druggists.
8mos13

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, Bible House New York City.*
8p6mos15

MARRIED.

In this city, Nov. 28th, by Rev. J. A. Ross, Mr. Charles H. Danforth and Mrs. Mary A. Kerby, both of Belfast.

In this city, Nov. 25th, by Rev. J. A. Ross, Mr. George E. Mayhew of Belfast, and Miss Lydia Johnson of Waldo.

In Northport, Nov. 26th, by Rev. George Pratt, Mr. Melville E. Hills of Lincolnville, and Lizzie M. Prescott of Northport.

In Searsmont, Nov. 1st, by Rev. N. D. Webb, Mr. Samuel Reynolds of Gloucester, Mass., to Miss Della Plumber of Searsmont.

In Morrill, Nov. 14th, Miss Ada Temple to Mr. George H. Wilkins, both of Knox.

In East Bucksport, Nov. 10th, Mr. Addison F. Little and Miss Abbie H. Colby, both of East Bucksport.

In Franklin, Nov. 16th, Mr. Geo. G. Patten and Miss Victoria A. Blaisdell, both of Franklin.

In Warren, Nov. 18th, Mr. Wm. H. Swan and Miss Martha A. Dunbar, both of warren.

DIED.

Obituary notices, beyond the Date, Name and Age must be paid for.

In this city, Nov. 14th, Mrs. Mary G., wife of Joseph Bray, aged 46.

In Belfast, Nov. 19th, Arthur B. Redman, eldest son of Samuel and Mellisa Redman, aged 10 years.

In Troy, Nov. 7th, Ephraim Rand, aged 75 years, 3 months and 16 days.

In Fremont, Nov. 10th, George L. Barton, aged 32 years and 10 months.

In Tenant's Harbor, Nov. 4th, Mr. George O'Brien, aged 72 years, 2 months, and 22 days.

In Thomaston, Nov. 20th, Mrs. Mary C. Payson, aged 46 years, 5 months, and 20 days.

In Vinalhaven, Nov. 6th, Capt. James Winn, aged 82 years and 2 months.

In Union, Nov. 15th, Mrs. Norcross, mother of Rev. F. V. Norcross, aged 81 years.

In Rockland, Nov. 17th, John C., son of Patrick Armstrong, aged 3 months.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

Nov 23d, schr Forest Queen, Robbins, Bangor.

Nov 23d, schr Flora Condon, French, Bangor for New York.

Nov 24th, schrs Senator, Condon, Bangor; D K Arey, Curtis, Bath.

Nov 25th, schrs John L. Tracy, Meservey, St George, to load for Brunswick, Ga; Addie Clements, Littlefield, Rockland; Ida Hudson, Nash, do; Harmonia, Ryder, Portsmouth, N H.

Nov 27th, schrs Caroline Kreisher, Devereaux, Portland; Centennial, Laurane, Bucksport; Lillian, Ryan, Boston; Empire, Ryan, do; Earl, Cunningham, do; Abby Cole, Darby, do; Dove, Turner, Orland, P M Bonney, Burgess, Vinalhaven.

Nov 28th, schrs Gen Meade, Peachey, Boston; Charlie Backi, Foss, do, to load for Charlestown; George E Young, (of Boston) do, to load for Savannah; Polly Clarissa, (of Booth'ay Hall, Portland.

Nov 29th, schrs Geo Shattuck, McCarty, Boston; Banner, Pattershall, do; Vinalhaven, Dyer, Vinalhaven.

SAILED.

Nov 23d, schrs Eldorado, Condon, Bangor; Tabal-Cain, Whitmore, Rockland.

Nov 24th, schr Eveline, White, New York; Flora Condon, French, do; Lizzie Poor, Dickey, Boston; Martha Brewer, McFarland, do; Forest Queen, Robins, Hampden; Marth Emma, Burgess, Carver's Harbor.

Nov 26th, schr William Tell, Mathews, Bangor.

Nov 27th, schr Addie Clements, Littlefield, Rockland.

Nov 28th, schr Centennial, Laurane, Bucksport.

Nov 29th, schrs John L. Tracy, Meservey, Brunswick, Ga; Dove, Turner, Belle an Haut; Polly Clarissa, Ball, Portland; Ida Hudson, Nash, for a market, probably New York.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Ar at San Francisco, Nov 20th, ship Wildwood, Herriman, Boston.

Ar at Savannah, Nov 23d, ship Premier, McGilvery, Bremen.

Ar at New Orleans, Nov 24th, ship Wm McGilvery, Nickels, Dunkirk.

Cld from do 22d inst, ship Charlotte W White, Dyer, Liverpool.

Ar at Baltimore, Nov 22d, bark Sarah A Staples, Nickerson, Liverpool.

Cld from Georgetown, S C, Nov 18th, schr Hattie, Gilchrist, Searsport.

At Searsport, Nov 27th, ship R R Thomas, Nichols, for Liverpool.

Ar at Jacksonville, Nov 24th, schr Prescott Hazeltine, Wadlin, Boston.

Cld from do, 17th, schrs M W Drew, Mahoney, New London; Annie L McKeen, McKeen, N Y.

Ar at Philadelphia, Nov 22d, bark Carrie Wyman, Gilkey, Hamburg.

Ar at Pensacola, Nov 17th, schr Ralph Carlton, Harkness, Matanzas.

Cld from St Marys, Nov 27th, bark Fred Eugene, Young, Montevideo; schr Welaka, Perkins, Gibraltar.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Ar at Bahia, Oct 22d, brig James Miller, Parker, New York.

Sld from Sagua, Nov 13th, brig Gambia, Harding, Pensacola.

Sld from Hong Kong, Oct 11th, ship Alice Buck, Harrington, San Francisco.

Ar at Sourabaya, Nov 30th, bark Thomas Fletcher, Pendleton, New York.

Ar at Calcutta, Oct 20th, ship Cora, Coombs, for Boston.

Ar at St John, Nov. 24th, brig Clara J Adams, McFadden, Lubec.

SPOKEN.

Oct 5th, lat 15 N, lon 21 W, ship McNear, Taylor, from Cardiff for Hong Kong.

CHARTER OF THE WEEK.

Compiled specially for the Journal.

From all eastern lumber ports, Bangor especially, a great scarcity of vessels has been reported, and rates have been proportionally high. The flurry in potatoes has caused considerable inquiry for vessels to load that class of produce, at this port and vicinity, and some hay has been shipped hence to southern ports. Of the engagements made here, as well as those of Maine vessels at New York and elsewhere, we note those of most interest—schr. Ralph Howes, of Belfast, 6,000 to 7,000 bushels potatoes in bulk, hence to Philadelphia; schr. Ida Hudson, of Rockland, potatoes in bulk hence to a market, probably Baltimore; schr. John L. Tracy, of Boston, hence to Brunswick, Ga., hay, $8 per ton; schr. George E. Young, of Boston, hence to Savannah, hay, $7.50 per ton; schr. A. W. Ellis, of Belfast, Hoboken to Salem, coal, $1.50; bark Sarah A. Staples, of Belfast, Baltimore to Glasgow, S H molasses, 30 shillings; schr. Mary Lord, of Ellsworth, 355 tons, New York to Galveston, iron $2.50 per ton and primage; schr. Annie P. Chase of Wiscasset, thence to Savannah, hay 8 per ton, and back to New Haven, lumber, 27 per M; bark Hosea Rich, of Bangor, New York to Valparaiso, 1,500 tons sun; bark Evanell, of Stockton, 415 tons, New York to Genoa, kentucky tobacco, 12c. ob.; schr. Charles Sawyer, of Ellsworth, 145 tons, New York to Point a Petre and back, private terms; schr. Miranda, of Machias, from Philadelphia to Havana, $1,500 lump; brig George Harris, of Stockton, 160 M lumber from Fernandina to Mayaguez, option of second port, 29 gold; schr. Addie G. Bryant, of Bangor, New York to Jamaica, lumber at or about $6.50 gold; bark Alex Campbell, of Cherryfield, 475 tons, New York to Cienfuegos, and back north of Hatteras, excluding Philadelphia, sugar 2c., and molasses, $2.87 and port charges.

DISASTERS.

Schr Cattawamteak of Rockland, Me, with ship timber, sank in Patuxnky River, Va, Sunday the 19th inst.

Bark Andes, of Bath, was totally destroyed by fire at that port 23d inst; also at New Orleans, same date, the new bark Monhegan, of Rockport, was somewhat damaged by fire. The M was loading for Havre, and had on board about 900 bales of cotton.

Brig Francis Lervey, built at Pembroke in 1862, from Swatow for Mewchwang, was sunk by collision previous to Nov 1st, and six of the crew and passengers were lost.

Schrs Mary Jane, of Bath and William Carroll, of Bucksport, drifted together at Vineyard Haven in the gale of the 21st, resulting in slight damage to both vessels. The Carroll would repair there.

Brig Rebecca J Pope, built at Bath in 1854, has been lost on the South American coast, as a telegram from Buenos Ayres states.

Ship Otago, recently reported at Callao in distress would discharge and probably go to Portland, O, to be repaired or sold.

Schr John Wentworth, of Bucksport, Brown, from Jacksonville for New York, was run into at 8 P M, Nov 23d, near Barnegat, by an unknown schr. She lies at at anchor in a sinking condition, three miles off shore, opposite the lighthouse. No lives lost.

Schr Sarah A Reed, at New York, reports Nov 6th, lat 38 31, lon 73 50, picked up part of mainboom and gaff; also part of mainsail and gaff topsail with gear attached. The gaff topsail was marked "H E Saunders, Machias, sailmaker."

Brig Mary C Rosevelt, from Satilla River of and for Richmond, Me, has been abandoned at sea, and the crew landed at Baltimore night of 24th by steamer America.

MARINE JOTTINGS.

During the past year there have been built in the Portland district 4 ships, 2 barks, 1 brig, 5 schooners, 2 sloops and 5 steamers, aggregating 3,919 tons. In most of the districts of the State there has been but a slight falling off from previous years, and many ship builders have contracts for next season.

The new ship recently launched at Searsport has been christened the R R Thomas. She was loaded and ready to leave Bangor the 23d inst, but would stop at Searsport a few days to take on stores, etc. Capt. Nichols's family will accompany him on this first voyage.

A Portland paper of Nov 22 says, schr George E Ferguson, with a number of other vessels from Maine, which are reported in the New York papers at that port 18th and 19th, are known to be in ports east of Cape Cod.

It is feared that the new English ship Bacchante will be a wet ship and generally half-seas over.

The clipper ship Great Republic, built by Donald McKay of East Boston in 1853, has not been equalled since by any merchantman for size, nor probably for sailing qualities. Her capacity was about 4,000 tons and her original dimensions were 325 ft length, 53 ft width and 37 ft depth. She had four masts, all provided with lightning rods. The main yard was 120 ft long, and a single suit of sails, exclusive of extras, used up 15,653 yards of canvas.

Schr J William Fish is now on the railway at Tenant's Harbor, undergoing quite extensive repairs.

The schooner Catharine, built at Belfast nearly 40 years ago, is still afloat and doing good service. Some fifteen years since she was purchased by Moses A Murch & Co and others of Ellsworth, and is now running as a packet between that port and Boston. She has paid her cost many times.

There were 223 vessels anchored in Vineyard Haven, Saturday the 25th, and over 200 in Salem and Gloucester. The change in weather, Sunday and Monday dispersed them.

LECTURES
1876 AND 1877.

A Course of Lectures, to be delivered in Pierce's Hall during the coming winter, will be opened by

REV. S. GOODENOUGH,

On MONDAY Evening, Dec. 18th. Subject to be hereafter announced.

The services of the following named lecturers have been secured:

HON. WM. G. CROSBY.
HON. WM. C. MARSHALL.
WM. H. SIMPSON, ESQ.,
HON. SETH L. MILLIKEN,
REV. J. T. BIXBY,
HON. JOSEPH WILLIAMSON.
WM. M. RUST, ESQ.,
PHILIO BERSEY, ESQ.,
REV. J. A. ROSS,
DR. LEWIS W. PENDLETON,
WM. H. FOGLER, ESQ.,
DR. ELMER SMALL,
REV. DAVID F. ESTES.

Tickets for the Course, - $1.50

To be obtained at the Bookstores.

A. H. KELLEY,
D. F. ESTES,
E. O. THORNDIKE. } Committee.

Fire and Marine
INSURANCE
INCORPORATED 1835.

1876.

OFFICE OF THE

DELAWARE MUTUAL
Safety Ins. Co.

PHILADELPHIA, November 8, 1876.

The following statement of the affairs of the Company is published in conformity with a provision of the Charter:

Premiums Received from November 1st, 1875, to October 31st, 1876.		
On Marine and Inland Risks,	$757,141 50	
On Fire Risks,	163,759 26	
		$920,841 76
Premiums on Policies, not marked off Nov. 1, 1875.		525,695 83
		$1,446,537 59
Premiums Marked off as earned from November 1, 1875, to October 31, 1876.		
On Marine and Inland Risks,	$951,763 67	
On Fire Risks,	182,176 71	
		$1,136,940 38
Interest during same period—Salvages, etc,		107,370 87
		$2,691,849 84
Losses, Expenses, etc., during the year as above Marine and Inland Navigation		
Losses,	$780,411 81	
Fire Losses,	45,561 87	
Return Premiums,	52,418 91	
Reinsurances,	18,644 47	
Agency Charges, Advertising, Printing, etc,	109,318 90	
Taxes—State and Municipal Taxes,	12,108 14	
Expenses,	30,590 08	
		$1,049,064 18
		$1,642,785 66

ASSETS OF THE COMPANY,

November 1st. 1876.

$184,000 State of Pennsylvania Six per Cent. Loans,	$206,325 00
225,000 City of Philadelphia Six Per Cent. Loans (exempt from tax)	256,800 00
250,000 State of New Jersey Six Per Cent. Loans, 1880 to 1902,	280,190 00
100,000 City of Pittsburg Seven Per Cent. Loans,	107,000 00
100,000 City of Boston Six Per Cent. Loans,	113,000 00
50,000 City of St. Louis Six Per Cent. Loans,	51,000 00
50,000 City of Cincinnati Seven Per Cent. Loans,	55,000 00
20,000 Pennsylvania R. R. First Mortgage Six Per Cent. Bonds,	21,400 00
25,000 Western Penn. R. R. Mortgage Six Per Cent Bonds

Tacking Ship Off Shore.

[The following lines have been once published in the Journal, but they are so full of the spirit of poetry and the salt of the ocean, that we give them place again, after a lapse of perhaps ten years. They were written by some one who "knew the ropes."]

The weather leech of the topsail shivers,
The bowlines strain and the lee shrouds slacken,
The braces are taut, the lithe boom quivers,
And the waves with the coming squall cloud blacken

Open one point on the weather bow
Is the light-house tall on Fire-Island Head;
There's a shade of doubt on the captain's brow,
And the pilot watches the heaving lead.

I stand at the wheel, and with eager eye
To sea and to sky and to shore I gave,
Till the muttered order of "Full and by"
Is suddenly changed to "Full for stays!"

The ship bends lower before the breeze,
As her broadside fair to the blast she lays;
And she swifter springs to the rising seas,
As the pilot calls "Stand by for stays!"

It is silence all, as each in his place
With the gathered coils in his hardened hands,
By tack and bowline, by sheet and brace,
Waiting the watchword impatient stands.

And the light on Fire Island Head draws near,
As, trumpet-winged, the pilot's shout
From his post on the bow-sprit's heel I hear,
With the welcome call of "Ready! About!"

No time to spare! It is touch and go,
And the captain growls, "Down helm!—Hard down!"
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's frown.

High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, "Aye, aye, sir, hard a-lee!"

With the swerving leap of a startled steed
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind,
The dangerous shoals on the lee recede,
And the headlands white we have left behind.

The topsails flutter, the jibs collapse
And belly and ing at the groaning cleats,
The spanker slats, and the mainsail flaps,
And thunders the order, "Tacks and sheets!"

'Mid the rattle of blocks and the tramp of the crew,
Hisses the rain of the rushing squall;
The sails are aback from clew to clew,
And now is the moment for "Main-sail haul!"

And the heavy yards like a baby's toy
By lithy strong arms are quickly swung;
She holds her way, and I look with joy
For the first white spray o'er the bulwarks flung.

"Let go and haul!" 'Tis the last command,
And the head-sails fill to the blast once more;
Astern and to leeward lies the land,
With its breakers white on the shingly shore.

What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, "Belay there, all!"
And the captain's breath once more comes free.

And so off shore let the good ship fly;
Little care I how the gusts may blow,
Long as I know the masts may bend,
Or the sheets and the ropes may chafe and go.

The Bunch of Wheat.

We land to-day o'er a hallowed form,
And our tears fall quietly down,
As we look our last on a father's face,
With its tranquil peace and its patient grace
And hair like a silver crown.

As we touch our own to the dear cold hands,
From life's long labor at rest,
We notice a bunch of golden wheat,
Plucked as a token of love so sweet,
And laid on the silent breast.

Flowers have whispered of fadeless bloom
In a land where fall no tears,
But the ripe wheat tells of the toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
And the garnered good of years.

We knew through what labors his hands had passed
Through what rugged places his feet,
And we joyed in the peace of his brow so white,
As touched already with heaven's own light,
As it shone in the ripened wheat.

As each goes up from the fields of earth,
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for the gathered grains of good
From the ripening harvest that shining stood
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then faithfully toil, that in death you may get,
Not only with blossoms sweet,
Not best with the doubts or bent with fears,
Or with dead, dry husks of life's wasted years,
But laden with golden wheat.

[Christian Weekly.

A Penitent's Prayer.

You kissed me at the gate, last night,
And mother heard the smack;
She says it's naughty to do so,
So please to take it back.

I cannot see what harm there is
In such a thing—can you?
But mother seems so very wroth,
Please take it back—now do.

It seems to me quite natural
For the lips to meet that way;
But mother says it's very wrong,
So take it back, I pray.

And, come to think of it, I'm sure
That several times 'twas done;
So now, to make it right, be sure
To take back every one.

I would not have you think its me,
I do not care a mite;
But mother's so particular;
Please take them back, to-night.

Jewels of Thought and Devotion.

Live while you live, the epicure would say.
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be—
I live in pleasure when I live in thee.

There is no service like his that serves because he loves. [Sidney.

To my inward vision, things are achieved when they are well begun.

It is very easy finding reasons why other people should be patient. [Geo. Eliot.

Dr. Emmons says: "Style should be like glass—perfectly transparent and very little cash."

The perfect archer calls the deer his own while yet the shaft is whistling. [The Spanish Gypsey.

Temptation rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure time that men are made or marred.

When Father Taylor of Boston, broke his arm, he came into the pulpit and said: "Thank God, I still have one arm with which to work my way to heaven."

Women charms, as a general thing, in proportion as they are good. A plain face with a heart behind it is worth a world of beauty. Men who have tried both uniformly agree to this.

It is a wonderful reflection that our country is so wide that the self-same day may be kept with ice and snow and sleighing and skating at the North, or in the open air among birds and butterflies and flowers at the South. And yet it is one land, one government, one common interest; and we can all thankfully unite together in the first Christmas hymn: "Peace on earth! Good will to men!" [Christian Union.

Don't you think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion with you. It will be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ with yourself ten years ago.

After a tongue has once got the knack of lying it is not to be imagined how impossible almost, it is to reclaim it. Whence it comes to pass that we see some men, who are otherwise very honest, so subject to this vice.

Sad heart be comforted, rejoice for the great voice of human love, which is not dead; which never dies; which cheers the struggling, rests the weary, and sheds the light of hope and mercy on the ignorance and suffering of sin.

Do not let yourself be laughed out of being good, and trying to be so. Do not think that to be witty, brilliant, &c., you must have a vein of wickedness in you. Persist in your noble endeavors and "divine" the right way. [Huntingdon.

Oh! thank God, there is such faith to be gained by the human soul—there is such patience within our reach and mine if we could only cease to struggle; could only admit that their own pride and fortitude are vain reeds, and seek the higher help which never fails to come, if only it be asked!

It is an impressive truth that sometimes in the very lowest forms of duty, less than which would rank a man a villain, there is, nevertheless, the sublimest ascent of self sacrifice. To do less would class you as an object of eternal scorn; to do so much presumes the grandeur and heroism. [De Quincey.

Lady Godiva on Foot.

[From the Poughkeepsie Press.]

Among the many singular banterings, bettings, wagers or by whatever name they may be termed, is the following made by two frolicsome lasses of Lansingburg, Rensselaer county. When we tell this story it is with no intention of reflection upon the character of either of these wilful maidens, who, in a spirit of fun, while heated with a discussion of the chances of their various favorites (one of them being an admirer of Hayes, and the other a devoted adherent of Tilden and Reform), had made a very foolish and somewhat unmaidenly resolution, for the characters of both are above reproach, and when the language was used neither expected to be called upon to perform the task. One of them, whom we will call Jane, to more strongly express the doubt of Tilden's election, said that if he was elected President, she would walk from her residence to the Rensselaer Park gate clad only in her chemise. The banter was taken immediately by her fair opponent, who promised to perform the feat in case of the final success of Hayes. And now the fair pair have pledged themselves to the faithful performance of this remarkable achievement, and they are anxiously awaiting the result, that they may know which of the pair will be called upon to pay forfeit. Boys need not watch for the event to come off, as the loser will choose her own time, which will, of course, be in the hours of night when least expected. No one is to know when the event transpires except the two girls, and we can tell nothing more at present save that the distance to be travelled by the loser is quite considerable.

The country is large, but there isn't room for two presidents. [Brooklyn Argus.

Egypt's Buried Temples.

The tombs of Beni Hassan are cut in one of the hard strata of a hill that lies to the east of the Nile bank. The river once flowed much closer to the base of the hill, but has turned back into the plain and left a deposit of rich soil that is covered with waving grass, breast high as we plow through it on our donkeys, and of the most brilliant green. As we threaded palm groves and hailed each other over the grain that was tossing in the wind and rolling green billows from end to end across the broad fields, we were cautioned by our considerate donkey-boys to keep a discreet silence, as this district is infested by Bedouin brigands. Up one of the lonely gorges of the hills we actually saw the black tents of the tribe, but no one sought to molest us.

The grottoes of Beni Hassan are, next to the pyramids, the oldest known monuments in Egypt. The fact scarcely suggests itself as you enter these chambers hewn out of the solid rock, plastered and elaborately frescoed. The colors are as bright to day as they were when the artist—who, by the way has been mummified these fifty centuries—concluded his contract. On a background of the most delicate shades of green are infinite multitudes of figures portraying all the manners and customs of that ancient life. Even then there must have been dwellings of pretentious architecture. For they are intimated here. Here stands columns hewn out of the living rock in the earliest Egyptian style. Naturally they are copies from nature—the stalks of four water-plants bound together and crowned with lotus or papyrus buds. It is miraculous that any part of these tombs is left, save the bare hollow, inasmuch as the painting may be easily effaced, the plaster removed in slices, and the rock itself cut with the blade of a penknife.

The majority of the temples of Egypt stand so near the Nile shore that they are plainly visible from the deck of our dahabeeh. At morning or at evening we see a superb monument in the dim distance. If the wind is fair we draw rapidly toward it, and in an hour or two find the Nitetis running up to the nearest point from which the temple may be visited. Two or three of the sailors leap ashore, drive in our portable stakes and make fast. After this feat they usually squat on the bank in a row, light their cigarettes, chat, sing, wander off into the fields to gather lentils and eat them with a relish. It is their play time. It is our task, for we at once begin preparing for the explorations of the temples.

Usually we take donkeys to carry us to the site of the ruins. Too often these little beasts are utterly unfit to carry any burden. Their backs are raw; their stirrupless saddles are tied on with odd bits of cord, or perhaps are merely balanced on the sharp backs of the unhappy creatures, without any fastenings whatever. Over dusty roads, through broad fields of grain, under palm groves and under the edges of mud villages, we crouch in the heat of the sun and reach, at last, with unfeigned joy, the propylon.

It was not yet sunrise when we came to the gates of Edfoo, one of the best preserved temples of the Nile. The air was still fresh, for these nights are deliciously cool. The great courts with their sculptured columns, the numerous chambers sacred to the ancient rites of the temple worship, the massive wall that encloses it; all these unmarred relics of a mighty race impressed silence upon us, and we passed reverently the immense hall, where we appeared ridiculously small in comparison. Our torches brought out the color that still enlivens the sculpture, though much of that color, and even some of the sculpturing, have been obliterated by the thick smoke of the innumerable torches that have been burned here for generations past. Leaning from the lofty capital of the eastern pylon the prospect was glorious—the temple court beneath us; flocks of doves darting to and fro among the columns of the court, showing us their pale blue backs; the green lawns soft as velvet sareching to the amber Nile on the one hand and the desert hills on the other; the village with its open houses, half of them unroofed, or only partly thatched with palm boughs, all huddled close together under the high walls of the temple. When the sun rose this village came to life, and there was a chorus of backsheesh raised by a multitude of baby Arabs, who danced boisterously and cried to us incessantly.

The town of Kench, with its famous water jars, lies opposite Denderah, a temple perfect, like that at Edfoo, though smaller. It has once been buried and is still so deep in the soil that you can touch the capitals as you walk around the outer wall, and to enter the temple is like descending into an enormous cellar. It is only at Denderah and Edfoo that I have been able to realize anything of the life of these temples. They are so utterly dead, so cruelly ruined, and their age is so inconceivable, that I find myself wandering about them in a state of utter disbelief.

At Esneh a temple stands in the midst of a squalid village and is buried to the roof in earth. One grows indifferent to ruins that are not impressive in a land that has so great a store of the wonderful. Esneh, therefore, half-covered with mud huts that hang upon it like wasp's nests, was rather disappointing, and we lounged through the village. The sun was intensely hot, the air filled with dust and the day a nervous one. Even the ghawazer, who have given fame to the village, fail now to attract. The bazaars were faintly perfumed with rose ottar; naked children with distended stomachs, followed us through the narrow, filthy streets, begging, and when we turned on them they fled in confusion. We paused at an open door for a moment. Four women crouched in a lonely room, waiting for the dead. All but one of those mourners ceased as we approached and turned tearful eyes upon us. Then they stretched forth a hand and murmured "Blacksheesh!" Their jaws were dropped, and they looked the picture of despair; but their instinct was too much for them, and they whispered "Blacksheesh." The fourth woman was bowed down in the corner with her forehead turned to the wall. She took not the slightest notice of us. There was surely some truth in her sorrow. After dark we drifted away from Esneh while its black profile was outlined against the west, dotted with a few twinkling lights.

Nelson and Benjamin West.

A curious anecdote is related by Mr. Ticknor in reference to Benjamin West's picture of the "Death of Nelson." Just before Nelson went to sea for the last time, West sat next to the great captain at an entertainment given in his honor, and in the course of dinner Nelson expressed his regret to Sir William Hamilton that he had little taste or discrimination for art. "But," said he, turning to West, "there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass by a print store where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it." West, of course, made his acknowledgements, and Nelson went on to ask why he had painted no more of them like it.

"Because my lord, there are no more subjects."

"D—— it," said the sailor, "I didn't think of that;" and asked him to take a glass of champagne.

"But, my lord, I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me such another scene, and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"Will you?" said Nelson, pouring out bumpers, and touching his glass violently against West's. "Will you, Mr. West? Then I hope I shall die in the next battle."

We all know how the painter fulfilled his promise in the "Death of Nelson."

A large number of Roman coins have recently been found in England near the old Roman wall on the North Tyne. A treasure chamber containing many altars and thousands of coins has been unearthed. On the borders of Derbyshire and Notts a similar discovery was made a fortnight ago. Workmen who were digging a trench near a brewery laid bare a large earthenware vase of Roman workmanship, buried about two feet below the surface. It was found to be nearly full of copper coins—probably two hundred or three hundred in number. Many of them are in tolerably good preservation, and the majority are coins of the reigns of Tetricus, Victorinus, Claudius and Gallienus.

Edwin—And now, darling, before we part, how are we to keep our marriage a profound secret? Angeline (promptly)—Nothing easier, Edwin dear. You have only to behave to me as you have always done and nobody will suspect it.

A Dubuque girl played "copenhagen" at a party the other night, and yelled, and shrieked, and howled, and ran behind the door, and scratched the young man's face in seven places, and upset a kerosene lamp, and kicked over the piano stool, and screamed for the police, and finally, when he kissed her just on the tip of the ear, she fainted dead away, and said she could never look any one in the face again, and they led the bashful, modest creature sobbing home. The next day she ran away with a married lightning-rod peddler, with a hair lip and six children.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For CATARRH

MEETS THE WANTS OF THOUSANDS.

Gentlemen,—We have sold SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for nearly one year, and can say candidly that we never sold a similar preparation that gave such universal satisfaction. We have to learn the first complaint yet.

We are not in the habit of recommending patent medicines, but your preparation meets the wants of thousands, and we think those afflicted should be convinced of its great merit, so that their suffering will be relieved. We have been in the drug business for the past twelve years constantly, and sold everything for Catarrh, but yours leads all the rest. If you see proper you can use this letter or any part of it that you wish. Very truly yours,

S. D. BALDWIN & CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Drugs, Books and Stationery, Washington, Ind., Feb. 23, 1876.

6,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

The following testimonials are from MESSRS. J. O. BOSWORTH & CO., Dever, Col., large and influential druggists. They report unprecedentedly large sales and universal satisfaction. No other disease is so alarmingly prevalent in that region. They speak of the following gentlemen as among their best citizens:

SORELY AFFLICTED.

J. O. Bosworth & Co., Denver, Col.: Gentlemen,—Prompted by a fellow-feeling for those afflicted with Catarrh, I wish to add my testimony in behalf of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH. I have been sorely afflicted with this fearful disease for four years, and have tried every known remedy without avail, until I bought a bottle of the above CURE from you, which gave me almost instant relief. It being a constitutional as well as a local remedy, I believe it to be all that is claimed for it, a Radical Cure for Catarrh. Very truly yours,

WM. AMETIVE.

Denver, Sept. 28, 1872. With Jenson, Bliss & Co.

GREATLY AFFLICTED.

Messrs. O. J. Bosworth & Co., Denver: Gentlemen. I take pleasure in recommending SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH to all who are afflicted with this disease. I was greatly afflicted with it for a long time, and cured it with two bottles of the above CURE. About a year afterwards I was again taken with Catarrh quite severely, and immediately sent for another bottle, which fixed me all right, giving me relief from the first dose. I am confident that this remedy will do all that is claimed for it, and more, too. Wishing you success in its introduction, I am, very truly yours, A. W. SMITH.

Denver, Oct. 4, 1875. of Smith & Doll.

TRIED EVERYTHING.

Messrs. J. O. Bosworth & Co., Denver, Col.: Gentlemen,—I have used SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I have tried almost everything, and it is the only thing that has given me relief. I therefore take pleasure in recommending its use to all afflicted with Catarrh or any kind, and offer this as my testimony to its benefit. Very truly, W. S. DECKER.

Denver, Oct. 1, 1875.

Each package contains Sanford's Improved Inhaling Tube, with full directions for use in all cases. Price $1.00 per package. For sale by all Wholesale and retail Druggists throughout the United States. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston. Ask for and insist on having,

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE For CATARRH.

LAME BACK AND RHEUMATISM

CURED BY

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: Gentlemen,—One year ago I was seized with a severe attack of Rheumatism in my right hip, to which I was subjected. I tried the various liniments and rheumatic cures, but without the least benefit, when my son, a druggist, suggested one of your COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS. The effect was almost magical, for, to my grateful surprise, I was almost immediately well again, and was able to work upon my farm as usual, whereas, before the application of the Plaster, I could do nothing, and every step gave me pain. A few weeks since, one year from the first attack, the disease returned, and I am happy to say the second Plaster proved as efficacious as the first, and I am now well. My wife wishes me to add that one Plaster has cured her of a very lame back. We think there is nothing in the world of remedies that can compare with the COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS for Rheumatism and Lame Back, and cheerfully recommend them to the suffering. Yours very respectfully,

Orland, Me., June 6, 1876. ROBERT COTTON.

NO QUACK NOSTRUM.

Gentlemen,—I hereby certify that for several years past I have used the VOLTAIC PLASTERS in my practice, and have never known them to fail in affording speedy relief in those cases for which they are recommended. They are not a quack nostrum, but a remedial agent of great value. Very truly yours,

W. C. COLLINS, M. D.

Rockport, Me., May 27, 1874.

Sold everywhere at 25 cents. Sent by mail, carefully wrapped, on receipt of price, 25 cents for one, $1.25 for six, or $2.25 for twelve, by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

New Advertisements.

The Little Rock and Fort Smith RAILWAY

HAS

FOR SALE

Farming Lands, Grazing Lands, Fruit Lands, Vine-Lands, Coal Lands, Wood Lands, some Prairie Lands Bottom Lands, and Uplands, on **terms to suit the purchaser. Six per cent** interest on deferred payments. **Ten per cent** discount for cash. For full particulars, maps and pamphlets, apply to **W. D. SLACK**, Land Commissioner, Little Rock, Arkansas.

Highest Premium at the Centennial Awarded to the

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE!

Knits a Stocking in 15 Minutes.

Knitting in the heel and narrowing off the toe complete; knits all sizes; narrows and widens at will; and knits the web either Tubular or Flat, Single, Double, or Ribbed, **Producing all Varieties of Knit Apparel.** Send for circulars and sample stocking.

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE CO., Chicopee Falls, Mass., or Boston, Mass.

J. & P. COATS

have been awarded a Medal and Diploma at the Centennial Exposition and commended by the Judges for

"SUPERIOR STRENGTH

—AND—

EXCELLENT QUALITY

—OF—

SPOOL COTTON."

SEAL. A. T. GOSHORN, Director-General. J. R. HAWLEY, President. ALEX. R. BOTELER, Secretary pro tem.

ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES

In Small Wares, Fine Watches, and Diamond Jewelry. A Large Stock of Jewelry at One Dollar each article. Knox's $6 improved Fluting Machine $4. Best Leather Belts, 50c. Coin Silver Thimbles 25c. Linen Playing Cards 25c. Revolvers $5.50. Signal Service Storm Glass and Thermometer $2.00. Free by Mail or Express. Send Postage Stamps for amounts less than one dollar. Circulars free. Agents Wanted. Excelsior Ornament Co., 302 Broadway, New York.

WELL, THAT IS CUTE!

New Baby Soap, made by Robinson Bros. & Co., Boston.

$5,000 Given Away in Presents! Address MICHIGAN BOOK CO., Jackson, Michigan.

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, **10** cts., post-paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, New York.

AGENTS FOUR $10 Chromos **FREE.** J. M. MUNYON & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

$500 A MONTH a certainty to any person selling our LETTER BOOK. No press, brush or water used. Sample Book worth $3.00 sent free. Send stamp for circular. **EXCELSIOR CO.**, 17 Tribune Building, CHICAGO.

AGENTS! GREATEST OFFER of the season. Eight $10 Chromos given away with *Home Guest*, including Hoover's Peerless American Fruit, 2 1-2 feet long, Lake Lucerne, Virgin Vesta, &c. Mounted outfit, four chromos, $3; 8 chromos, $5.50. J. LATHAM & CO., 419 Washington Street, Boston.

LOVE CHARM. A delightful perfume. Sent pre-paid for **75 CENTS.** Address **PURCHASING AGENCY, P. O. Box 4546 New York City.**

Centaur Liniments!

The lame can be healed and the wounded made whole. We now know just what the Centaur Liniment will do. They will not mend broken bones or **cure Cancer**, but they will extract soreness, allay pain, cure Rheumatism and a larger range of flesh, bone and muscle ailments than any article ever before discovered.

Scientific skill cannot go beyond the effects of these remarkable preparations. **Chronic Rheumatism** of many years' standing, Neuralgia, Weak Back, Fever Sores, **Weeping-Sinews**, Sciatica, Caked Breasts, Distorted Joints and Sprained Limbs of the worst kind are cured by the White Centaur Liniment.

It will destroy the pain and **heal without a scar** all ordinary Burns and Scalds. It will extract the poison of Bites and Stings, and the frost from Frozen Limbs. It is very efficacious for Ear-ache, Tooth-ache, Itch and **Cutaneous Eruptions.**

Mr. Josiah Westake, of Marysville, O., writes:

"For years my Rheumatism has been so bad that I have been unable to stir from the house. The first three bottles of Centaur Liniment enabled me to walk without my crutches. I am mending rapidly. I think your Liniment simply a marvel."

C. H. Bennett, Druggist, Rock Prairie, Mo., says:

"Centaur Liniment sells better and gives the best satisfaction of anything in the market."

What the Centaur Liniment has done for others it will do for you. It is handy, it is reliable, and it is cheap.

The Yellow Centaur Liniment

is worth its weight in gold to owners of horses and mules.

This Liniment has cured more **Sprained**, Swenied, Ring-boned and **Galled Horses** in three years than have all the Farriers in the country in usage. Its effects are simply wonderful.

We have thousands upon thousands of certificates as strong as the following:

"My horse was lame for a year with a setlock wrench. All remedies utterly failed to cure, and I considered him worthless until I commenced to use Centaur Liniment, which rapidly cured him. I heartily recommend it.

"REV. GEO. W. FERRIS, "Manorville, Schoharie Co., N. Y."

"DEAR SIR, I have used your Centaur Liniment in my family, and find it to be of great value. Please send me two dollars' worth, one for the mules and horses. RILEY SICKLES.

"FALLS STATION, WYOMING Co., PA."

It makes very little difference what the case is, whether it be Wrench, Sprain, Poll-Evil, Ringbone, Scratches or Lameness of any kind, the effects are the same. Liverymen, Stage proprietors, Farmers, &c., should never be without the Yellow Centaur Liniment. It is sold everywhere, and warranted in its effects.

Laboratory of J. B. ROSE & CO., 46 DEY ST., NEW YORK.

Castoria.

It is a mistake to suppose that Castoria is not adapted to grown persons as well as Children. They only need to increase the quantity. But children have so many complaints for which Castoria is adapted—like **Wind Colic**, Sour Stomach, Worms, Tetter, **Teething** and Croup, that it is especially recommended for them.

Its effects are more certain than **Castor Oil**. It contains no alcohol and is as **pleasant to take** as honey. It never gripes. By regulating the stomach and bowles the Castoria **cools the blood**, expels worms and prevents feverishness, quiets the nerves and produces health—then of course **children can sleep** in quiet and **mothers can rest**.

Castoria is **recommended** by all physicians and nurses who have tried it, and it is having a rapidly increasing sale. It is prepared with great care after the recipe of Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Mass., at the Laboratory of J. B. Rose & Co., 46 Dey Street, New York. 5moeb

E. C. HILTON, Merchant Tailor,

AND DEALER IN

Men's Youths' & Boys'

READY MADE

CLOTHING!

No. 54 Main St.

[At the Old Stand of Hersey & Woodard.]

☞The report of Fashions regularly received and for sale here.

Belfast, Sept. 26, 1876. 13tf

GOOD FORTUNE

Waits on all who purchase tickets in the **Grand Extra Drawing**, Monday, December 4, 1876,

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY.

This Institution was regularly incorporated by the Legislature of the State for Educational purposes in 1868, with a Capital of $1,000,000, to which it has since added a reserve fund of $350,000. **Its Grand Single Number Drawings** will take place monthly. The season of 1876 closes with the following scheme:

CAPITAL PRIZE, $50,000.

Only 20,000 Tickets at $20 each. Fractions in proportion.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 Capital Prize		$50,000
1 Capital Prize		20,000
1 Capital Prize		10,000
10 Prizes at $1,000		10,000
25 Prizes at	500	12,500
100 Prizes at	300	30,000
200 Prizes at	200	40,000
500 Prizes at	100	50,000
2,000 Prizes at	20	40,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

9 Approximation Prizes of $500		2,700
9 Approximation Prizes of 200		1,800
9 Approximation Prizes of 100		900
2,865 Prizes, amounting to		$268,900

Write for Circulars or send orders to WILLIAMSON & CO., 317 Broadway, New York; CHAS. T. HOWARD, New Orleans, La.

The First Regular Quarterly Dollar Drawing will take place on January 5, 1877. Tickets $1 each. Capital Prize $15,000. 4w19

R. R. HIGGINS & CO.

Wholesale Dealers & Planters of

PROVIDENCE RIVER

OYSTERS,

Nos. 128 & 130 Court St., Boston.

We are selling our **PROVIDENCE RIVER OYSTERS**, fresh from their beds every day, for **$1.20** per gallon, solid. Also, we have a large stock of **NATIVE OYSTERS**, by the barrel, at the **lowest market prices. Norfolk and Virginia Oysters $1.00 per gallon solid.** 3m19

ELECTRIC BELTS!

are a simple and cheap cure for

PREMATURE DEBILITY

The effect is **WONDERFUL** and the **only** remedy to be trusted. **"Throw physic to the dogs."** Send for circular to

4w19 Dr. J. KARR, 832 Broadway, N. Y.

Millinery Goods!

—A T—

H. H. JOHNSON & CO.

LADIES please call and examine our Fall Stock. The best assortment in the city.

Straw, Felt Hats and Bonnets in every Style. Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Wings, Velvets, Plain and Corded Silks in all Colors.

New Goods received every Boat, which will be sold at Low Prices at

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

H. H. JOHNSON & CO.

Belfast, October 3, 1876. tf14

PROBATE NOTICES.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator of the estate of

CRAWFORD S. FLETCHER, late of Stockton, in the County of Waldo, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs; he therefore requests all persons who are indebted to said deceased's estate to make immediate payment, and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same for settlement to him. L. M. PARTRIDGE.

School Notice.

THE Superintending School Committee of Belfast, will be in session at the High School Room, on Saturday the 25th inst., and December 2d, at 1-2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of examining all who intend to teach in Belfast during the coming winter.

PER ORDER S. S. COM.

Fall and Winter GOODS!

I have Just Received a Better Variety than usual, of the above Goods, at prices that will defy Competition.

My Stock comprises all the LATEST Styles of SUITINGS.

HEAVY OVERCOATINGS

Light Weight OVERCOATINGS

And a Splendid Lot of

FINE PANTS GOODS!

MY STOCK

—OF—

FURNISHING GOODS!

—CONSISTING OF—

FINE UNDER WEAR!

HOSIERY!

Neck Ties!

IN EVERY STYLE.

Collars & Cuffs!

—BOTH—

Linen & Paper.

BRACES

UMBRELLAS!

&c., &c., &c.

Cannot be Beat!

H. L. LORD,

No. 10 Williamson Block.

We Have Heard of it!!

Large Decline in Prices of

FURNITURE.

EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A

Furniture Store

CAN BE FOUND AT

J. C. THOMPSON & SON'S

AND WILL BE

SOLD

—AT—

EXTREMELY LOW PRICES!

Boots, Shoes & Rubbers

Great inducement to Buyers of

Boots & Shoes

The place to Buy is at

H. H. FORBES'

Who on account of failing health, proposes to sell out his entire Stock of **BOOTS** and **SHOES** at about the original cost at retail, thereby giving the wearer the benefit of the LOW PRICES for CASH and CASH ONLY; as I propose to close up my business very soon no credit will be given.

My Stock consists of all the various styles of **LADIES, MISS** and **CHILDRENS'** *KID, CLOTH,* and *KID FOXED BOOTS*, also *SLIPPERS, BRITTON SHOES*, also **MEN'S** and **BOY'S** *CALF BOOTS, ALEXIS BOOT*, also *CALF STEAP BUCKLE SHOES*, also Common *KIP, THICK,* and *SPLIT SHOES*, for common wear. In fact the stock is too numerous to mention in detail, and finally, call and examine the *QUALITY* and *PRICES*, and you will be sure to buy. As I propose to give all *GOOD BARGAINS* as long as they LAST, if I am able to attend to business. Don't forget the place, at

H. H. FORBES,

No. 13 Main Street.

Belfast, June 5, 1876.

Special Notice.

As I am closing out my Stock on account of poor health, all persons indebted to me by note or account, are hereby notified that their accounts must be settled immediately, or they will be placed in the hands of other parties for collection.

H. H. FORBES. 49tf

H. & R. ATWOOD,

Wholesale Dealers and Planters in

PROVIDENCE RIVER AND VIRGINIA

OYSTERS,

19 Commercial Street, Boston.

We are selling large **PROVIDENCE RIVERS** fresh from their beds daily, at $1.20 per gallon, solid. **VIRGINIAS** at $1.00 per gallon. Also, **PROVIDENCE RIVER NATIVES AND PLANTS** in the shell by the bushel or barrel. 3m14

House for Sale.

A TWO STORY HOUSE with quarter of an an acre of land. Centrally located, corner of Court and Park Streets; has a small barn in connection, also cistern, good well of water, fruit trees, etc. The house has been fitted to accommodate two families, and has all conveniences for such. Person wishing to examine property or make inquiries will call at No. 59 Court Street.

Belfast, July 20, 1876. tf43

Valuable Real Estate for Sale!

THE property on Miller Street, now occupied by Lemine Colley, consisting of 8 acres grass land with House, Ell, Wood-house and a large Barn. From 9 to 12 Tons Hay cut annually upon the premises. A good Orchard upon the premises. For further particulars apply to the subscriber.

Will be Sold Immediately if Wanted.

Belfast, Feb. 15, 1876. DAN'L HARADEN. tf33

E. J. MORISON & CO.

(Successors to Carle & Morison,)

DEALERS IN

Hardware, Iron, Steel, House,

Ship and Carriage Trimmings, Agricultural Implements, Paints, Oils, Glass, &c. No. 52 Main Street, Belfast, Me. tf34

1876. 1876. FALL MILLINERY

Mrs. WELLS

HAVING just returned from New York and Boston with all the latest styles of

Hats, Feathers & Flowers.

Miss Brown will take charge of the Millinery as usual, who will give entire satisfaction to all.

13 MRS. WELLS, 17 Main Street.

C-O-M-E AND S-E-E-!

A NEW STOCK OF THE BEST ORGANS IN THE WORLD.

REDUCED PRICES!

AT W. C. TUTTLE'S,

HIGH STREET, BELFAST.

FRANK MILLER,

25 Albany Street, Boston, Mass.,

(Opposite Albany Depot.)

—BOTH—

OYSTERS

—AND OTHER—

Refreshments at all Hours.

People going West don't fail to call. LUNCH BASKETS and LUNCHES furnished for Travellers at short notice. 41f5

Something New

BOTH ORNAMENTAL & USEFUL.

GRANITE

Iron Ware!

CALL AND SEE IT

—AT—

WADLIN & MERRILL'S

68 MAIN STREET.

GRANITE

Iron Ware!

FOR SALE AT

A. D. FRENCH'S Stove Store.

NOTICE

M. R. COOPER'S

New Lumber Yard

Foot of Main Street, near Depot.

THE undersigned has on hand and is constantly receiving supplies of Lumber, Shingles, Laths and all other kinds of Building Material which he can sell at prices the very lowest, as below

Hemlock Timber, per M.,		$10.50
" Boards,	"	$10.00 to 16.00
Spruce Joist,	"	$6.50 to 9.00
" Plank,	"	$8.00
" Boards,	"	$8.00 to 10.00
Cedar Shingles,	"	$1.25, 1.50, 1.75 and 2.00
Good Spruce Shingles, per M.,		$1.50
Spruce Clapboards,	"	$12.00 to 21.00
Gutters, per foot,		4c to 10c

I have in stock, Ash Lumber (Planed and Jointed), Hard Pine Flooring, Cedar Posts, 6, 8, 10 and 12 ft., Laths, Cement, Lime, Hair, etc., which can be sold at EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

M. R. COOPER.

Belfast, August, 1876. 8tf

American Hotel.

Main Street, Belfast, Me.

J. D TUCKER, Proprietor.

Coaches to convey passengers to and from the cars and boats.

Sample Rooms free to guests.

Livery and Boarding Stable connected with the House.

Belfast, Sept. 23, 1875.—tf13

MRS. RICHARDS

—AND—

MISS SOUTHWORTH,

Just returned from Boston, solicit the attention of their friends and customers to their fall line of

MILLINERY,

And having engaged the services of

MISS HAYES,

For the coming season, we promise our work in FIRST CLASS STYLE.

Dress Making as Usual

Ladies please Call upon Us.

No. 11 Main Street.

Mrs. R. Sheldon

—AND—

Miss Edgcomb

HAVING JUST RETURNED FROM

BOSTON

WITH A NICE LINE OF

Fall and Winter

MILLINERY,

Invite their friends and the public to call and see them at 13 Phenix Row. 16tf

CORN! CORN!!

7300 BUSHELS PRIME YELLOW CORN just received by Schooner Lizzie Mills. The Corn is of excellent quality. For sale LOW. In store at Lane's Wharf.

ALBERT CARTER.

Belfast, Aug. 9, 1876. tf6

FISH! FISH!

A Choice Stock of Fish for Fall and Winter Trade, just received at

Collins' Market,

High Street,

(Basement of old Telegraph Building.)

Mackerel of all grades, by the Bbl., Half Bbl. or Kit.

Halibut's Heads, Fins and Napes.

Smoked Halibut, Salmon & Herring.

Prepared Cod and Cheeks.

Tongues and Sounds.

Dry Cod and Pollock.

Has just received the First Lot of the season of

Finnan Haddies.

Yarmouth Bloaters and Kippered Herring.

All the varieties of fresh fish the season affords, always on hand.

OYSTERS & CLAMS a specialty. Parties out of town furnished at liberal rates.

FRANK COLLINS.

Belfast, Oct. 4, 1876. tf14

MARK THESE FACTS.

The Testimony of the Whole World.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Extracts from Various Letters.

"I had no appetite; Holloway's Pills gave me a hearty one."

"Your Pills are marvelous."

"I send for another box, and keep them in the house."

"Dr. Holloway has cured my headache that was chronic."

"I gave one of your Pills to my babe for cholera morbus. The dear little thing got well in a day."

"My nausea of a morning is now cured."

"Your box of Holloway